The Saturday Review of Literature

VOL. XIV NO. 9 NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 27, 1936 TEN CENTS A COPY

IN THIS ISSUE

VAN WYCK BROOKS
Dr. Holmes: Forerunner of the Moderns

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT
Reviews "Summer Will Show" by Sylvia Townsend Warner

GARRETT MATTINGLY
Reviews "Tribute for Harriette" by Angela Thirkell

PRINCE HUBERTUS LOEWENSTEIN
Reviews "The Tumult and the Shouting" by George Slocombe

C. C. FURNAS
Reviews "Trail Blazers of Science" by Martin Gumpert

SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER

"This novel, laid in the middle of the nineteenth century, is, in some sort, a parable of our own time"

. . . *(See page 5)*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE TUMULT and THE SHOUTING

by GEORGE SLOCOMBE

A colorful panorama of history-in-the-making, an animated gallery of international leaders who made it, a sparkling, intimate account of the international conferences of the last two decades—comprised in the memoirs of one of the most famous foreign correspondents of modern times.

The author brings us face to face with MacDonald, Lloyd George, Briand, Wilson, Dollfuss, Mussolini and other world leaders at the scenes of their greatest triumphs and defeats. From his personal experiences he draws new and fascinating views of the Versailles, Locarno, Geneva and Genoa meetings.

(Illustrated) $3.50

◆

Charles Coulson Rich

by John Henry Evans

Sixty years of frontier life and Mormon history march before the reader in vivid detail in pages of this fascinating biographical study. $3.50

Andrew Johnson

by Lloyd Paul Stryker

"Not merely a biography of Johnson; rather a complete portrayal of the man in his relation to the times."—New York Times $4.00

◆

The FOUNDER of the HOUSE

by NAOMI JACOB

"Four Generations" gave Miss Jacob high rank among masters of the family-chronicle type of fiction; "Honour Come Back—" proved her exceptional ability for searching character analysis and brilliant construction.

Here she traces the Gollantz clan back to its beginnings. In a broad canvas of Parisian and Viennese society in Napoleonic times, we meet many who were but names in her earlier chronicles. $2.50

◆

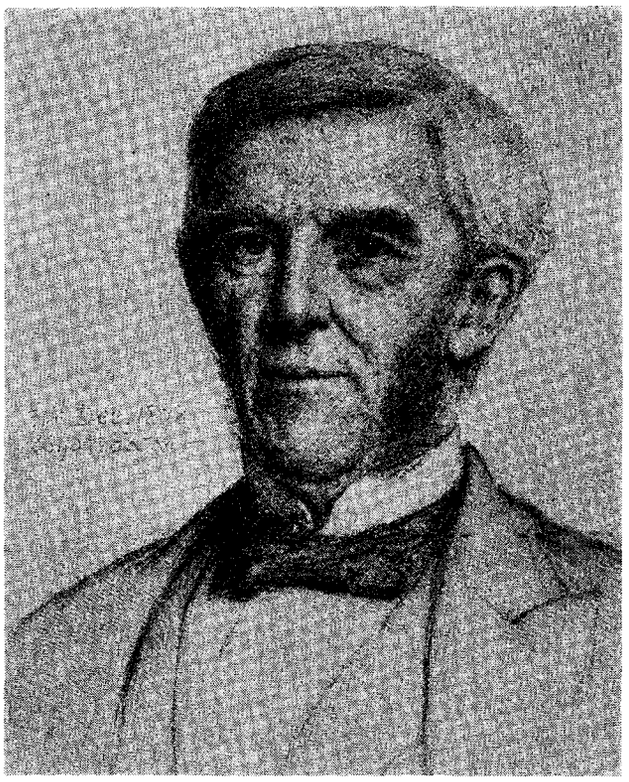
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

60 FIFTH AVENUE **NEW YORK**

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dr. Holmes: Forerunner of the Moderns

BY VAN WYCK BROOKS



OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES
Engraved by Timothy Cole, from a drawing by Wyatt Eaton.

THE founding of *The Atlantic Monthly,* in 1857, marked the high tide of the Boston mind. In the "new magazine," as it was called from Maine to Minnesota, all the established writers appeared together. Lowell, the editor, assembled for the first number contributions from Emerson, Motley, Holmes, Longfellow, Norton, Whittier, and Mrs. Stowe. It seemed, from a distance, like a family party, in spite of the diversity of these minds, and murmurs were heard in other regions against the self-complacency of Boston and the mutual admiration that flourished there. But, as Dr. Holmes remarked of his commensals, if they had not admired one another they would have shown a singular want of taste. It was true that at this moment the New England mind began to reveal signs of degeneration, traits that in later years grieved or vexed those that knew not the Boston Zion, and sometimes did not even wish to know it. The "breaking of the seedling tulip into high-caste colors," as Dr. Holmes described this hour in Boston, was not without unhappy consequences. It destroyed the noble unconsciousness of the past. But the note of *The Atlantic* was not self-conscious, in spite of Lowell's tendency to be so. The magazine was born mature; and the regard of the writers for one another sprang from an impersonal respect for their characters and their work; and, if they over-valued one another, they set a better example than most of the other American writers and artists, who were all too prone to self-depreciation. They increased the self-respect of their fellow-craftsmen; they won for American letters and art the respect that American letters and art had always needed. It was observed, moreover, that, sooner or later, almost everything *The Atlantic* published, essay, poem, and story, found its way into a book and had at least a measure of permanent interest; and, as time went on, and Ticknor and Fields took over the publication, and Fields became the second editor, and the Civil War came, and Howells followed, the scope of the magazine grew broader and broader. It became a national institution.

Dr. Holmes had named *The Atlantic Monthly,* as Alcott had named *The Dial;* and he was the first contributor. He had had little time for writing prose in his active professional life, but he recalled that many years before he had published two papers entitled "The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table." Nothing could be salvaged from these old essays, but the venture had given him a good idea, to carry a note-book with him and jot down his own conversation. A Boswell writing out himself. . . .

Thus it was that, at the breakfast-table, the Autocrat resumed his seat one morning and found himself addressing his fellow-boarders, the school-mistress, the divinity-student, the landlady's daughter, Benjamin Franklin, all the characters he had known so well, in Boston or the "huckleberry districts," during his lecture-tours. The boarding-house was a microcosm of a larger world, for what American did not find himself suggested in one of the characters? The Autocrat had earned his right to speak; he had plucked the flowers of life and come to the berries, and who could say that he was not a teacher fit for a great occasion, he who had fed with the fox in the matter of knowledge and used such Machiavellian astuteness in passing on all that he had learned? What was his mission? It was very simple: the mission of conversation. Was it not very bad to have thoughts and feelings, which ought to come out in talk, *strike in,* as people said of certain diseases? There was the great American evil, morbid introspection, class-distinctions that were unconfessed, scruples of conscience, secrets that ought to be exposed to common sense, forms of speech and phrases, ugly and distorted, the outward and visible signs of the twisted life within. Fruits of the old religion of Calvinism, fruits of isolation and provincial conditions, fruits of unconscious living. Out with them, and talk them over! The boarders knew they could trust a family doctor who read them through and through, who saw their maternal grandfathers in the way they held their tea-cups, and who would never abuse their confidence, a doctor who was used to dealing with secrets and who, without hurting their feelings, could give them the right prescription to set them on the road of mental health.

In his diplomatic way, the Autocrat attacked all the mental habits of his hearers. What was this "logical mind," the fruit of generations of preachers and lawyers, but the One-Hoss Shay of Calvinism? The doctor had no use for Calvinism, and he knew that, while they laughed at the one-hoss shay in Boston and at Harvard, it was no laughing matter in the country. He was determined to break it up,—if laughter failed, by other

Next Week

GONE WITH THE WIND
By MARGARET MITCHELL
Reviewed by Stephen Vincent Benét

LISTEN FOR A LONESOME DRUM
By CARL CARMER
Reviewed by Allan Nevins

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

means, by quoting half a dozen sciences, by the use of analogies and comparisons, by every method but controversy, since controversy equalized the foolish and the wise and no one knew this better than the fools. For what was the "logical mind" of Calvinism but the parent of all injustice, the *a priori* and the *parti pris*, narrow judgment, rigid condemnation, all those moral plagues, in other words, from which the American mind so patently suffered? Did he mean to weaken moral obligations by drawing up the blinds of this dark chamber and letting in the light? His object was merely to define them; for the light he let into the dark chamber was the light of common sense, a doctor's view of the problem of cause and effect as it really expressed itself in human nature. Was some question of crime involved? The "logical mind" spoke of original sin and anathematized the doctor. The rational mind spoke of the effect and anathematized the cause. As for the fruits of the old religion, many of the minister's patients were fools and cowards, and all too many of them were also liars. (Immense sensation at the table.)

The Autocrat was prepared for the sensation. The religious weeklies and monthlies, all over the country, began to throw brickbats at him. The doctor was imperturbable. One cannot turn over any old falsehood without a terrible squirming and scattering of the unpleasant little population that dwells under it. No one can ever say anything to make his neighbors wiser or better without being abused for doing so; and, if there is one thing that people detest, it is to have their little mistakes made fun of. The Autocrat continued, with calm good humor, always ready to talk as long as a few boarders remained at the table, twirling their knives, perhaps, balancing their spoons on the edge of their tea-cups or tilting on their chairs against the wall. Was he named Holmes for nothing? A holme is a meadow surrounded by brooks; and, as long as two or three brooks, were they only trickles, fed it with their attention, how could a meadow run dry? Now, these little mistakes, this tilting of chairs against walls, this pronouncing the name of one's town as if one did not know that it ought to be "Norridge," this calling an entry a "hall" and a buggy a "kerridge," this saying "Yes?" when somebody told one something,—did they think these vulgarisms were trivial matters? Was it not plain enough that a man with a future had to get rid of all these odious tricks? What hope could he have when he said, "How's your health?" when people liked to hear, "How do you do?" Did not Sydney Smith say that no public man in England ever got over a false quantity uttered in early life? And might it not be similarly said that the woman who "calc'lates" is lost? Worldly wisdom, merely, not at all the wisdom of the angels; but surely the woman who "calc'lates" is not an angel, and, since she is given to calculating, she might calculate to better purpose.

Trifles, perhaps, but not unkindly mentioned. Was not the art of living made up of trifles? And were these awkward postures and rustic phrases as merely superficial as one might think? Were they not the signs of inner dislocations, the rigidities, false reserves, distortions, torments that render human relations so difficult and make men so unhappy? Expression was the greatest need of this unexpressed New England, which almost seemed to enjoy its cold and taciturn ways, ways that concealed what tragic depths! Emotions that can shape themselves in language open the gate for themselves into the great community of human affections. That was why the Autocrat loved words, expressive words, euphonious and pleasing, just as he loved song. As long as a woman could talk, or had some musical utterance, there was nothing that she could not bear. How many a tragedy had found its outlet in a strenuous bravura or a fierce roulade on one of Jonas Chickering's pianos! Therefore the Autocrat loved to hear the all-pervading tum-tum issuing from the window of the unlovely farm-house, with the brown stream flowing beside the door, in which Almira or Louella might have been found floating, face downward, had she not been able, in these harmless discords, to throb her wild impulses away.

The boarders listened, all America listened, as the Autocrat unfolded his amusing wisdom, unrolled that inexhaustible scroll which only those possess who have kept their wits alive by constant use. Never had they heard of such a man for breaking up the ice of mental habits, for harrowing people's minds and planting in them flowers that out-shone even "Macaulay-flowers." They listened round the table, reading *The Atlantic*, drawing virtue from it, as hot water draws the strength of tea-leaves; for society, as the Autocrat said, is a strong solution of books.

For schoolmistresses, Dr. Holmes had a tender feeling. He was well aware of the part they played in a nation and generation in which the men shirked the tasks of culture. Who but the schoolmistress, and usually the New Englander of the species, followed the pioneers wherever they went, even to the remotest corner of the Rocky Mountains, and sowed the furrows they ploughed with the seeds of education which, but for her, would have remained unsown? Well the doctor knew this heroism, and he knew it imposed on the heroine a biological handicap. "The great procession of the Unloved" filled him with compassion, for he was a match-maker on all occasions. Besides, they belonged, as often as not, to the Brahman caste of New England, that mystical brotherhood and sisterhood in which the doctor took a special pride and which he was the first to designate. He

(*Continued on page* 13)

Symbols

By ISIDOR SCHNEIDER

Soviet Star

UNITY radiant;
bright whole body with venturing limbs;
the core and the rays; the organed, serving fire,
fire unburnt, the flames its feeding hands;
the first, the elemental body,
the crystal gathering life;
face of a flower out of enlivened earth,
proud in sight of the sun, made in his image;
star,—the choice of peoples in their love,
in their strength, the mark, the shape of united aspiring. . . .

Hammer and Sickle

I have walked in the country. I have seen full crops.
No building on earth is fairer, no stone more perfect in its wall
than a grain stalk in its field. Not even in snow
is earth more fitly faced and trimmed.
The heart soars along its sight, yet is quieted.
Soon shall the sickle cut yet not destroy.
All shall be built again, life into life,
the muscle, the bone, in the hand that swings the sickle,
the blood of his children, the bone of the builders,
far off in factories, the comrades with hammers
building him brick, his iron, his cloth, his sickle.

Swastika

The four crippled cat tails, the paralytic cross,
the treadmill legs, the gallows and shadow,—
it moves too, in spasms; revolves
in twists of agony; has an orbit too,
frenzied and narrowing in narrowed life—
sign of the cannibal hunt, shape of murder,
the backs turned, one pursuing,
one in flight.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by The Saturday Review Company, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. Noble A. Cathcart, President and Treasurer; Henry Seidel Canby, Vice-President and Chairman; Amy Loveman, Secretary. Subscription. $3.50 a year. Vol. XIV, No. 9, June 27, 1936. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 1, 1879.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Two Queens of Regency Society

LADY HESTER STANHOPE. By Joan Haslip. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. 1936. $3.

TRIBUTE FOR HARRIETTE. By Angela Thirkell. New York: Random House. 1936. $2.50.

Reviewed by GARRETT MATTINGLY

HESTER STANHOPE and Harriette Wilson were both notable figures in the spectacle of Regency London. Many of the same men move through both their stories, "Beau" Brummel, Tom Sheridan, Lord Byron, the future Duke of Wellington, and more remotely the scapegrace sons of the old mad king, George III. But it seems certain that the two never met, though Harriette must have watched Lord Stanhope's daughter riding amidst attendant cavaliers, and Hester may have had pointed out to her the brazen little creature who was the current mistress of her cousin Lord Ebrington or,—for Harriette's "protectors" varied with bewildering rapidity,—of the Duke of Argyle's son, Lord Lorne, or of that deluded boy, the Marquis of Worcester. Had they met (an improbable thought!) they would have had little in common. Even their taste in men differed so that the easy Harriette rejected with scorn from the long list of her lovers Granville Leveson Gower for whom the peer's daughter sighed in vain. And yet their little hours of London glory practically coincided, and both, in later years, earned notoriety by unconventionalities unbecoming to their sex.

Hester Stanhope's escapades are the better remembered. She reigned for a season over English society as the hostess of her uncle, William Pitt. When Pitt died, Hester, scorning to take a lesser place in her own world, set out on wanderings which led her at last into the deserts of Arabia. There her pride of power was reawakened; there mystery and pageantry captured her unbridled imagination; there she stayed, "Queen of Palmyra" as she liked to style herself, and slave to impossible dreams. She travelled among the desert Bedouins, unveiled and dressed in fancy Oriental costume. She was the first European woman to set foot in Palmyra and was crowned fantastically among its ruins. And she lived out her life, poor, half-mad, and completely regal in a tumble-down castle among the rocky fastnesses of the Lebanon, waiting for the prophesied day when she should ride miraculously into Jerusalem with the Mahdi beside her to be crowned Queen of the Jews. Meanwhile she meddled shrewdly in Near Eastern politics, and exerted, by sheer force of character, so incalculable an influence on the simple peasants and the riders of the desert that an exasperated foreign office was officially advised that "there are now three independent powers in Syria: Mehemet Ali, the government of the Sultan, and Lady Hester Stanhope."

Harriette Wilson was better adapted than Lady Hester to the society of which the Prince Regent was the "first gentleman." The daughter of an impecunious stocking-mender and one of a large family of girls too clever to sell their labor when their virtue would bring a higher price, Harriette rose by impudence rather than by brains or beauty to be for a day the most sought after of London courtezans and an arbitress of manners in her shoddy half world, like George Brummel, her masculine counterpart. In her rise, in her preference for noble or at least extremely wealthy lovers, in her pushing vulgarity and shrewd eye for the main chance, Harriette was conventional enough. But she shared with Lady Hester one fatal failing: money slipped through her fingers. She would be quite forgotten now had she not, her beauty faded, had the happy idea of announcing that she meant to write her memoirs, circularizing meanwhile her male acquaintances to say that those who paid enough would not be mentioned. Fortunately many did not pay and the resultant book —for Harriette was as good as her threat —scandalized half the noble households of England and convulsed Europe with indecent mirth.

LADY HESTER STANHOPE
Drawing by R. J. Hamerton.

Harriette's story seems a poor one beside Hester's. But such is human nature that many readers will find her gay, mendacious tittle-tattle more entertaining than the record of Lady Hester's high adventures and wild dreams. Both biographies are worth reading; read together they throw a piquant and unexpected light on the social history of the last century.

Lady into Red

SUMMER WILL SHOW. By Sylvia Townsend Warner. New York: The Viking Press. 1936. $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

BOTH in prose and poetry Sylvia Townsend Warner is well-established in her own peculiar corner of English literature. She is one of the few contemporary writers with a style. It is a style wholly natural and yet of gratifying precision. It is a pleasure merely to read her sentences.

"Summer Will Show," so far as the story it tells goes, is only obliquely an important book. But I read it with deep relish. In wholly unpretentious fashion it spreads before you the life of Sophia Willoughby and her Frederick. Sophia "had been brought up (and had brought up her own children) to consider the chiefest part of mankind as an inferior race, people to be addressed in a selected tone of voice and with a selected brand of language." Aside from the felicity of that description of Sophia, the atmosphere of refined English country living in the period (the book opens in 1847, just ten years after Queen Victoria had ascended the throne) is nicely re-created. Not that Sophia's is a usual home! Destiny and Moloch in the form of a glowering kilnman immediately destroy her children. Her husband is absent and philandering and her marriage-ties are breaking. Strange impulses seize her after her children's death. Impelled by the frantic idea that her husband, from whom she is almost completely estranged, must give her children again, she hurries to Paris and immediately becomes involved with her husband's Jewish mistress, for whom she conceives deep feeling and who exerts a profound fascination upon her. As Minna's house is a sort of revolutionary headquarters, Sophia is entangled in the Revolution of 1848. Her husband seizes her private property and she finds herself as penniless as Minna. And now she becomes ecstatically happy, living with Minna in the rue de la Carabine. She is drawn into revolutionary activities and finally into actual fighting at the barricades. The end of Ingelbrecht's pamphlet, which we leave her reading, is particularly interesting to us today:

> It is high time that Communists should openly, in the face of the whole world, publish their views, their aims, their tendencies, and meet this nursery tale of the spectre of Communism with a manifesto of the Party itself.

In other words, Sophia has shed her old conservative ideas completely by this time and, in excitement and suffering, is finding life good for something after all —in spite of death and destruction. The emptiness of her former life, the piece of blank paper that was Frederick, even the worldly sapience of her great-aunt, are cast aside.

This novel, laid in the middle of the

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nineteenth century is, in some sort, a parable of our own time. No sensitive writer, least of all Sylvia Townsend Warner, fails to distinguish between the death-principle and the life-principle of a period, or in which sort of existence each lies. There are two kinds of human beings—those who seek living death and those who revolt from it. Sophia was the latter kind. In her first incarnation she is anything but a sympathetic character. Her coldness encountering Minna's warmth, for all Minna's absurdity, kindles her into heroism.

On Both Sides of Tobacco Road

SWAMP SHADOW. By Katharine Hamill. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1936. $2.

Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS

A YANKEE and a Republican, Katharine Hamill might have been regarded as a literary carpetbagger seeking her story of the South in one of its corners, unswept by the present or by "progress," if Southerners themselves had not looked as clearly before at the persisting primitives in the human picture of the region. The "poor white" has been written about only less than the Negro. Only purblind patriots any longer deny that they exist. True patriots should be as grateful to Miss Hamill for pointing out the vigor and desire which sometimes still stir among them, as readers will be for this lively and veracious tale out of their lives.

Old Joe Roper's folks are people. Patriarch, without pretension to morality, he possessed a dignity and a strength. And, if he produced the anemic, tonic-taking sisters, Ruth and Rebekah, the sly Bartow, the drunken, half-wild Thomas, and the timid Willie, he also was father of Rachel, who was fine and strong even when she deliberately mixed good works and sin to a result in murder. Hoodlums and halfwits, childbirth-broken women and graveyards full of their babies have their places in old Joe's Mississippi Gulf coast world. But there is more: coon dogs and good hunting, teeming shrimp seines, racy humor, and life without undue labor. Indeed, Miss Hamill's coast folk, more like the Appalachian cove people than the hungry inhabitants of Erskine Caldwell's "Tobacco Road," are concerned with the simplicities of living but free from fierce concern over the mere maintenance of life. There still lingers about them more of the independence of the frontier than of the degradation of the exploited.

Miss Hamill knows her people, their language, their lives, their hearts. But better than that, she likes them. Careless of reform, she is amused and moved by a people. Her readers will be, too.

Two Psychological Thrillers

THIS GUN FOR HIRE. By Graham Greene. New York: Doubleday, Doran. 1936. $2.

Reviewed by L. CABOT HEARN

PROBABLY the best novel Graham Greene has written is "The Man Within," but his new rapid-fire novel of action is a hum-dinger. The only other work of his I have read is "The Name of Action" which, though exciting, didn't seem to me to compare with his first book. Now, however, he has scored a bull's-eye again for the sort of thing he set out to do. His killer, "Raven," is a human being who extraordinarily combines vileness and spasmodic nobility. The higher-ups who control him in so melodramatic a fashion are convincing in their cynical nefariousness. The issue that joins seems at the start of no particular size, and turns out to be vastly important. Yes, I am trying to hide the plot from you, because this is the type of book that positively leaps along from incident to incident, and carries you breathlessly with it. That, I know, has been said of a good many mere detective or mystery stories; but in this instance it is true of a book written by a man with a streamlined style, a young writer with a masterly economy of words—one whose characters have breath and vitality. Extraordinary, too, is his understanding of sinners. Acky's letter to the lord bishop, near the end, while being worshipped by his crone of a wife, is a little masterpiece of description in itself. Anne and her man, who is the detective, hamper the book, though they're good "heavies." But Raven is a superb character and the study of his psychology enthralling. This is decidedly the book for one of those evenings when you want something easy to read and exciting which, at the same time, has some claim to being literature. The reason "This Gun for Hire" is a cut above the usual detective story lies in its exploration of the criminal mind, and the complete case history it gives of Raven. Yet the action is piling up every moment, and the suspense. If you have a "grim" shelf, this novel deserves to be added to it. In many ways it's a "corker"!

GRAHAM GREENE

STRANGE HOUSES. By Cora Jarrett. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1936. $2.50.

Reviewed by GEORGE STEVENS

HOW would it feel to wake up after a medical treatment, look into the mirror, and see some one else's reflection? To be compelled to go on with your own memories, your own personality, in the body of a total stranger? That is the idea out of which "Strange Houses" is written—the story of a middle-aged woman, happily married to a wealthy financier, who through an occult process exchanges all physical attributes with a chorus girl.

Thorne Smith, in "Turnabout," made this idea the basis of a farce. Mrs. Jarrett uses it for a psychological thriller, with overtones of Pirandello. These resemblances do not mean that "Strange Houses" is not an original and thoroughly ingenious novel, as it decidedly is. The author relates it as a case treated by a young New York psychiatrist, and she gives it the reality of characterization, the familiarity of atmosphere indispensable to the credibility of a story of the supernatural.

"Strange Houses" can be read either as something that will purely and simply give you the creeps, or as a complex and mystifying puzzle. I found the second element dominating: the excitement is intellectual rather than emotional. Once the situation is set, what are the characters going to do about it? We wonder what kind of relationship Breen, the financier, can have with his strangely transfigured wife. For a long time we wonder where the chorus-girl herself—presumably inhabiting Mrs. Breen's body—will turn up. We wonder most of all what the end will be.

The final solution is not perfect (the only perfect explanation of a supernatural story is absence of explanation, as in "The Turn of the Screw") but it doesn't let you down hard. A more salient criticism is that Mrs. Jarrett writes so well that she tends to overwrite, weighting the situation with verbiage; she also lets in a couple of irrelevant love affairs. But none of this seriously hurts the interest. "Strange Houses" is excellent of its kind.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

European Panorama

THE TUMULT AND THE SHOUTING. By George Slocombe. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1936. $3.50.

Reviewed by
PRINCE HUBERTUS LOEWENSTEIN

HERE is a brilliant book, a book crowded with people, events, and pictures, a book embracing the last twenty-five years of world history. The reader is bound to feel that the author has known and experienced all he describes. He is an integral part of the story as well as its detached narrator. His story is clear and objective, almost entirely free from emotion, even at the points where it directly affects him. He is a truthful chronicler who conceals nothing and underlines nothing that is not in itself hidden or underlined.

The book offers no panaceas, no "world view" from author to reader, no deliberate philosophy. A philosophy is none the less implied together with the most important lesson to be drawn from it; mankind has not yet grasped the fact that it is going through the most momentous developments the world has ever known. The current events of today become the history of tomorrow. Events only a little removed seem to recede into the dark of past centuries. Locarno, Geneva, Thoiry appear one after another on Slocombe's pages—how long since it all happened? Turn back ten years—Briand is Foreign Minister of France, Sir Austen Chamberlain dominates the Foreign Office, Stresemann holds sway in Germany. The author knew this remarkable trio, separately and together. The first the son of a publican in Britanny, the second an English aristocrat, the third a member of the German lower middle class. Yet all three have a single thought in common: the concept of a Europe at peace with itself.

TCHICHERIN AND THE AUTHOR
At Lausanne, 1922.

War must be no more; the "ultimate instrument of politics" from now on must be mutual guaranties and collective security. What a dream for mankind that has since seen the repudiation of the most solemn international obligations in the looming shadow of imminent catastrophe!

Innumerable names, countries, and men and women, flit through these pages. Mussolini in exile, Mussolini the revolutionary, and finally Mussolini dictator of Italy, whose press conference in Locarno Slocombe helped to disrupt.

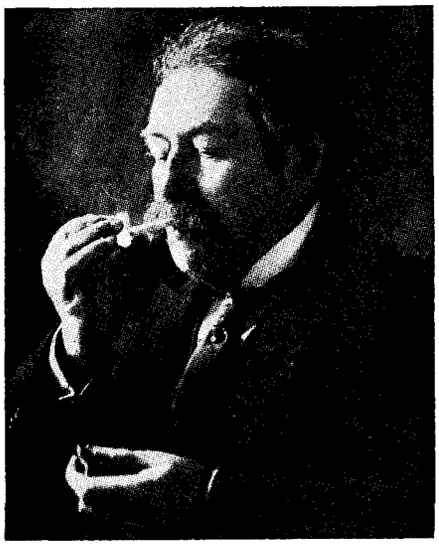
Again there is Tchicherin, the high born aristocrat, communist by conviction, together with Lloyd George, son of a Welsh miner, liberal capitalist by growth and development. The author takes us through conference halls, antechambers, palaces, and prisons—we see the head of Gorguloff, slayer of the venerable French president, roll into the basket, amid the gruesome panoply of a state execution. We are led into refugee cafés in Paris, see the crown jewels of extinct czardom in Moscow; we are spirited away by turn to Egypt, India, and America.

A greater coherency might be desirable for a more successful journey. Yet even so what the author shows us is well worth seeing. The disjointedness of the book does in fact represent one of the greatest difficulties in describing it. The very abundance of material forces the author to a somewhat sketchy treatment of his story; dramatic incidents are flashed on the scene without any particular emphasis or integration; one cannot quote a single one without omitting a dozen like it.

The book begins and ends in a fog. London before the war with its hordes of believers and refugees, socialists who kept faith and those who later turned fascist. Malatesta, the last upright standard bearer of the Italy of Mazzini and Garibaldi. Kropotkin in the throes of the war psychosis for all his utopian socialism; Ferrer, martyr of Spanish freedom, and finally the English anarchists, described by Slocombe thus:

> . . . they were atheists, republicans, communists . . . they hated and despised the State, the Army, the Police Force, the Church, but they also hated and despised the Labor Party, the various socialist sects, the immense Social Democratic Party of Germany and the trade unions. They saw no difference between Mr. Asquith and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald.

Here Mr. Slocombe strikes a familiar note, for all this is known to us from our own experience. So the German communists declared on the very eve of Hitlerism that Social Democracy was the arch enemy just as the French communists are doing today, in spite of the "Popular Front" and governmental coalitions. They have learned nothing—



ARISTIDE BRIAND

neither the war nor barbarism has taught anyone anything. To all appearances humanity has come to a standstill.

The last pages belong to Hitler, the man of the "idée fixe," the man who cannot speak but addresses even a casual visitor in rhetorical terms; the neurotic who sees war as the only cure for Germany, while it is actually the projection of his own neurosis.

Dollfuss, pocket dictator of Austria, is likewise included. He was the man of the childlike smile, with the blood of two thousand workers on his hands, glorified at last in death. "Himself the instrument of tyranny," says Slocombe, "a tool of reaction, by a tragic and sublime paradox he became the first victim of a greater intolerance, the first martyr of Austrian liberty."

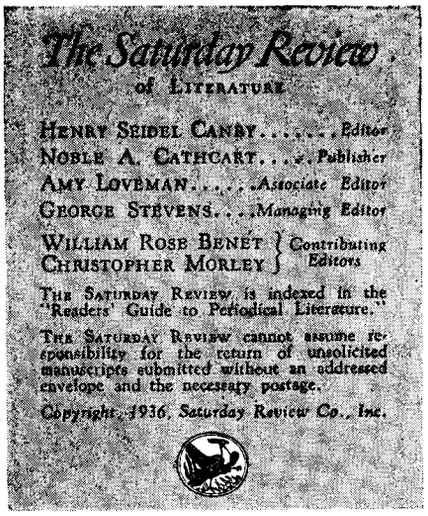
With this the book points to the future—more properly to Austria, where the attention of the world soon must be focussed. Large dictatorships swallow small ones, the strong and unscrupulous engulf the weak and unscrupulous. Who then shall speak of ethics? Slocombe certainly does not; but he does indicate where ethics can be found. The conscience of the world is its voice in spite of all. For out of the confused seemingly meaningless whirl emerges a feeling that might is not all; that there was a time in Europe—ten years ago did we say?—when all indications pointed to the possibility of peaceful reconstruction.

The book closes with an account of present-day emigration, not unlike that preceding the world war. Says Slocombe:

> The political exiles of the pre-war epoch, pilgrims, pursuing a mirage called freedom, have become the dictators and autocrats of today. The outcasts, the proscripts, the banned and hunted pacifists of the war period have been exalted to the highest offices in the land.

Who can fortell the morrow, when all things change so quickly? Mr. Slocombe's vivid account of the past and present may at least facilitate the understanding of the problems confronting us.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


The Saturday Review
of Literature
Henry Seidel Canby.....Editor
Noble A. Cathcart....Publisher
Amy Loveman.....Associate Editor
George Stevens....Managing Editor
William Rose Benet } Contributing
Christopher Morley } Editors
The Saturday Review is indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."
The Saturday Review cannot assume responsibility for the return of unsolicited manuscripts submitted without an addressed envelope and the necessary postage.
Copyright, 1936, Saturday Review Co., Inc.

A Great Christian Poet

Vow and averted head and high refusal
Clean as the chasm where the dawn burns white,
Where shall they go that have delight in honor
When all men honor nothing but delight?

IN that verse from one of his later poems exist the fundamental characteristics of the poetry of Gilbert Keith Chesterton; the rhetorical flourish, the paradox—the nobility and the indubitable power. In the title we have chosen we mean to emphasize the fact that Chesterton was not a great poet; he was entirely too great a propagandist. His propaganda was always for Christian principles and then, after his conversion, on behalf of the Roman Catholic Church; but it was always his own inimitable kind of propaganda.

Chesterton could speak out as violently as the reddest of reds. His satire could be scathing. For those who apparently subscribed to a Christian civilization and yet, within it, wrought to all the ends that Christ would have loathed, he had nothing but burning scorn. He was against men being made into wheels and cogs, against them being treated as serfs and slaves, for any crusade against cruel selfishness and greed. He sang of these things with the note of a trumpet. He had no traffic with the lords in high places, save to turn upon them his scathing satire or his convulsing humor. For besides having a great gift of righteous anger, Chesterton, when he set himself to it, could make any opponent—even the great Bernard Shaw whom he really loved, for all that he disagreed with him—look ridiculous. And yet this man was one of the last of the romantic poets! He made absolutely no bones about it. He fought gigantic battles with his song. He could always thrill one by his vigorous onslaught. And he leaves three ballads behind him that, from among all the poetry he wrote, will stand for a long time in English literature.

It is not strange to us that the late John Reed in his enthusiastic youth swore by, and not at, "The Ballad of the White Horse." Chesterton's emphasis in that poem is upon all the finest and simplest of Christian virtues. It is the tale of the underdog, and of Man rising in revolt against proud and powerful evil. This ballad is far more than an old tale of King Alfred. It is vivid in description, characterization, and brilliant in the different philosophies it implies. No one can describe battle-action in a poem better than Chesterton. And he succeeded in penning a parable for our time that was also a remarkably various history, packed with action and singing in every line. He proved himself one of the best narrative-verse writers in the world. And he did it again, of course, in "Lepanto," that triumphant celebration of Don John of Austria. Here again the theme is the release of prisoners, "Christian captives sick and sunless," the ending of a long tyranny. Again in that great mystical ballad of the battle of the Marne, "The Ballad of St. Barbara," it is the turning back of a barbaric tyranny that he visualizes:

They are burst asunder in the midst
That eat of their own flatteries,
Whose lip is curled to order
As its barbered hair is curled—
Blast of the beauty of sudden death,
Saint Barbara of the Batteries!
That blow the new white window in
the wall of all the world.

Again it is the losing side driven backward and backward till the sudden miraculous turning of the tide. Those who remember the Marne, will not hold this wholly folly in Chesterton. That was a strange stroke of destiny. The German war-machine was the most perfect of modern times. Why did it fail?

You will perceive from the above that the spirit that breathes through Chesterton's poetry is that of chivalry, the ancient Christian chivalry that still in our modern day, though disclaimed and disallowed, conditions so much of our most humane activities. As for social indignation, no poet has ever wielded a more burning scorn. Now that the treatment of the share-croppers in Arkansas, for instance, and the revival in this Land of Liberty of the bludgeon and the knout and all things as black as utter evil, stare us in the face, it would be good to hear some of our own poets speak out as strongly as he.

As for Chesterton's theory of Distributism, in the field of economics, it was never a theory destined very strongly to take hold; and his desire to return to certain features of the Middle Ages seems colored with too false a romanticism. Economics was not Chesterton's strong point. His great strength was in his love of life. One felt him to be like an Antæus, constantly revived by contact with mother earth. He was an optimist, but he did not close his eyes to the social injustice that he saw all around him. And, when he saw it, there was nothing Fabian about his tactics. He believed in going after those responsible for it with a club!

It seems to us that there is a great deal of truth in the last line of the quatrain with which we have headed the foregoing comments, and yet we have a feeling that honor, and with it, true responsibility, is coming back to the body politic; nor is it coming from the conservative direction. It is coming from those who look facts in the face and are neither self-interested nor venal; it is coming from those who demand the truth, and will not be bought off. With such men Gilbert Chesterton aligned himself in the economic world. What he fought against was any system with the tendency of turning men into robots. Probably a more faulty man than Chesterton never existed, particularly among the great of letters—nor, in his writings, a more lovable one. And one fine thing may be said of him: that he was never afraid, and never trimmed his sails at any man's behest. Though the following-out of what Christ actually taught would inevitably make us anarchists, we hold it indisputable that the greatest values in life are the imponderables. This Chesterton knew. And he did not mind that life was a wild mixture of good and evil—for at the beginning of his career as a poet he had written "The Wild Knight." It was emblematic of him. As for the courage—

The pale leaf falls in pallor, but the green leaf turns to gold;
We that have found it good to be young shall find it good to be old;
Life that bringeth the marriage bell, the cradle and the grave,
Life that is mean to the mean of heart, and only brave to the brave.

W. R. B.

Ten Years Ago

"Mantrap" by Sinclair Lewis was reviewed in our issue of June 26th, 1926, by Ernest Sutherland Bates, who wrote in part: "*With blithe enthusiasm [the author] has thrown himself among the* Saturday Evening Posters *and shown that he can be a super-*Poster *when he wills. Those who feel that Mr. Lewis the teacher has no right to such a truant holiday may be consoled by the prospect that another season will find him back at his pedagogical desk.*" ("Elmer Gantry" was published in 1927.)

"*. . . in dealing with this writer,*" continued Mr. Bates, "*one has to look sharply: he is so great a master of lifelike conversation—in the reviewer's judgment the greatest living—that even when his people are utter mannikins they talk like human beings. And in 'Mantrap' it is difficult to extricate them from the romantic background of the Canadian Northwest—a Canadian Northwest which is all that the Canadian Northwest should be, ablaze with forest fires, . . . rich in possibilities of death by murder, drowning, and starvation.*"

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letters to the Editor: *Obscenity and the Book Trade*

Tests of Obscenity

SIR:—While I digest at some time or other almost everything that appears in *The Bowling Green,* I am often several months behind in my reading, so that it may happen that, as in this case, I am dealing with a January number in June.

Having had occasion a few years ago to investigate with care a complaint instituted against a local bookseller by the New England Watch and Ward Society, I read with special interest Mr. Morley's discussion (Jan. 4, 1936) of the proceedings taken against the Gotham Book Mart at the instance of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice. I agree with much that he says on this subject, but I venture to think that in one respect he makes a mistake which weakens the argument. As he justly points out, it is no more possible for a bookseller to sample every book in his stock than for a grocer to sample every package of food on his shelves. He then says, however, "If I were to be made ill by a can of my favorite mushroom soup, surely my recourse would lie against the canner, not against the neighborhood store." The law, as declared by the highest courts of New York and of Massachusetts and, I believe, of various other States, is, however, that in such a case the grocer *is* liable in spite of the fact that he has no feasible means of determining whether the contents of the can is in good condition.

In practice, of course, this works no great hardship because the grocer, if sued by a customer, can summon in the person ultimately liable to defend. With regard to books alleged to contain obscene matter, the dealer's position may be more difficult. Nevertheless it seems to me a mistake for the booksellers to ask immunity from a liability to which retail dealers in general are exposed. The booksellers' real complaint, as I see it, is different. It lies in the fact that the tests of obscenity, etc., are so hopelessly vague and variable. With respect to food, for example, the standards of fitness are well defined and the application of them to any particular article of food attended with little uncertainty. As regards books, on the other hand, the only test is the predisposition of a particular judge or jury; the same book may be deemed obscene by one tribunal and altogether commendable by another.

It is, as I see it, unprofitable to lambast the public,—middle-class, bourgeois, Philistine or whatever it may be called,—for insisting on a lower percentage of salacity than the intellectuals think beneficial. After all, this is a matter in which the majority must rule; the intellectuals were among the most zealous to inveigh against the imposition of a particular standard by a minority in the matter of liquor and the rule ought, I conceive, to work both ways. If the majority think, say, three per cent of salacity the utmost they will stand for, they are entitled to have that standard adhered to, even if it may seem evident to the intellectuals that such a view bespeaks hopeless stupidity. However flat and dilatory it may seem to say so, the only practical way to have the limit raised,—if it ought to be raised,—is through education.

On the other hand, the booksellers have a crying grievance in that, as things now stand, nobody knows what the permitted percentage is. Obviously it would not be possible to pass a statute to the effect that a book containing more than three per cent.,—or five per cent. or ten per cent. or otherwise,—should be deemed obscene, but somewhat the same result might be attained by setting up in each State a board appointed for long terms and, so far as practicable, fairly representing the different elements in the community, to which a publisher or bookseller might submit a book for examination. If the board found the book unobjectionable, in any attempted prosecution this would be conclusive proof that it was not obscene. If the board held otherwise, any one who wished would still be free to offer the book for sale, but he would be charged with notice that he was acting at his peril and so could not complain of hardship if he were found guilty. No doubt the rulings of such a board would seem questionable in particular cases, but in time there would be built up a fairly consistent body of precedents, thus relieving the intolerable feature of the present situation, *i. e.*, its uncertainty. Such a board would, moreover, be comparatively responsive to public opinion and would tend to change its standards to correspond to changes in the general attitude of the community.

HAROLD S. DAVIS.

Boston.

"GRANDMA, WAS RUMPELSTILTZKIN A LUST-CRAZED MANIAC?"

Letters of Edwin Arlington Robinson

SIR:—The undersigned friends of the late Edwin Arlington Robinson are planning to collect and edit a volume of his letters and have made arrangements with The Macmillan Company for their publication. Anyone who has any letters which might have general interest, and who is willing to have use made of them in such a volume, or in the biography of Mr. Robinson which Mr. Hermann Hagedorn is writing, is urged to send them by registered mail to any member of the committee. The letters will be copied promptly, and the originals returned to their owners with a typed copy.

Mr. Hagedorn is making a collection of newspaper and other clippings concerning Mr. Robinson, which will be mounted and ultimately deposited, for the use of scholars, in the Widener Library of Harvard University. He would be grateful if anyone who has any significant clippings and is willing to part with them would send them to him by registered mail at 28 East 20th Street, New York.

HERMANN HAGEDORN.
LEWIS M. ISAACS.
LOUIS V. LEDOUX.
PERCY MACKAYE.
RIDGELY TORRENCE.

New York City.

Alderman and Wilson

SIR:—I am gathering material for a biography of Dr. Edwin A. Alderman, the late President of the University of Virginia, and would like to get in touch with persons who have letters or other information that might be of use in such an undertaking. The undersigned and Dr. Alderman were boyhood friends in Wilmington, N. C., in the seventies and eighties, at which time the two knew "Tommy" Wilson, who later became President Woodrow Wilson. I have a book of reminiscences, now undergoing final revision, in which considerable attention is given to hitherto unpublished facts regarding the boyhood of the subsequent President.

EDWARD A. OLDHAM.

524 W. 122 St.,
New York City.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Man Behind Marx

FRIEDRICH ENGELS. By Gustav Mayer. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1936. $3.50.

Reviewed by SIDNEY HOOK

IN any social constellation it is the fate of men of talent to be eclipsed by men of genius. But it is rare indeed for a man of talent to devote his whole life to make the genius of another shine more brightly. This was the role of Friedrich Engels toward Karl Marx. To be sure, his own interests were extremely diversified; they ran all the way from military science and strategy to obscure questions of comparative philology. Yet out of none of them did he make a career. His life's work was to play intellectual second violin and economic wet nurse to Marx. It is quite probable that without the moral and financial support of Engels, Marx would never have completed even the first volume of "Capital" and would have gone down in history as a striking but minor figure in the history of European thought. In addition, it should be pointed out that Engels did more than any man in his generation and after to popularize the ideas of Marx in the Western world.

That Engels could have played the role he did in Marx's life and in the dissemination of Marx's thought, indicates that he was a personality of no mean stature himself. No one can read Professor Mayer's fascinating biography without carrying away the impression that Engels was a whole man,—facile without being superficial, at home in any circle and equal to any occasion, capable of self-sacrifice yet without the slightest tincture of self-righteousness, and free from the bourgeois smugness which one finds at times in Marx himself. All he lacked was genius.

Despite the fact that Engels recognized in himself a kind of "indolence *en fait de theorie*," his emphases upon certain aspects of Marx's thought have important theoretical implications especially in the light of subsequent developments in the working-class movement. For Engels there could be no socialism and no socialist movement which was not international. During the last twenty-five years of his life he fought with every nerve against particularist and nationalist tendencies in the socialist parties of Europe. One of his great fears was that if war broke out in Western Europe the French and German workers would think of themselves as Frenchmen and Germans first and as workers afterwards, and so fall victims to the war machinery of their respective countries. The seeds of this "social patriotism" did not flower into full bloom during his lifetime but he recognized its nature in the Lasallean tendencies of Vollmar and others, the logic of whose position led them to justify coalition government, and "united fronts" with Wilhelm II against presumably more reactionary elements in Germany. Another characteristic emphasis of Engels earned him the nickname of "The General" among his associates. Even if events made it unnecessary to use the information, Engels insisted that no student of social affairs and least of all socialists who desired to win political power could neglect the study of military science and strategy. He firmly believed that the defence of democratic rights against a militant and militarized reaction could not be adequately conducted by prayer, petitions, or appeals to the ineluctable processes of world history. Engels would have said of the socialists and communists of Germany that their defeat at the hands of Hitler was due either to their abandonment of Marxist principles or their inability to understand them or both.

Perhaps the most significant of all of Engels's contributions was his valiant defence of what may be called a scientific or experimental approach to the questions of socialism and his refusal to be bound by a doctrine merely because it had become canonized by use, wont, authority, and enthusiasm. Engels would not have been surprised—as his orthodox followers are—to learn that on a great many problems concerning which he expressed judgment he was utterly wrong. He set truth above party. The notion of an authoritarian socialist party was so repugnant to him that he wrote to some of his disciples apropos of an attempt to choke off critical discussion:

> What is the difference between you people and Puttkamer [Prussian minister of police] if you pass antisocialist laws against your own comrades? It does not matter to me personally. No party in the world can condemn me to be silent when I am determined to speak. But I think you should reflect whether you would not be wise to be . . . a little less Prussian in your behavior. You—the party—need socialist science, and such science cannot exist unless there is freedom in the party.

The most serious of Engels's errors are to be found in the fields of philosophy and science where he attempted to do some original thinking. His political and social analyses in which he applies the principles discovered by Marx with flexibility and an eye sensitive to elusive fact represent Engels at his best.

There is only one work on Engels compared with which the present biography falls short. And that is Professor Mayer's own monumental study "Friedrich Engels —Eine Biographie." That no English or American publisher could be found to sponsor the translation of this great book is a pity—although it was the indirect cause of the appearance of this eminently readable and informative abbreviated account, written especially for English readers.

Sidney Hook is the author of "Towards the Understanding of Karl Marx: A Revolutionary Interpretation."

Thirteen Pioneers of Modern Research

TRAIL BLAZERS OF SCIENCE. By Martin Gumpert, M.D. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. 1936. $2.50.

Reviewed by C. C. FURNAS

DR. GUMPERT here presents the biographies of thirteen important men of science. Himself a physician, he includes among his personalities ten who have been definitely associated with medicine in one way or another, thus conferring a perhaps excessive emphasis upon medical activities.

I opened his volume, assuming that it was just another of the random series of lives of scientific men, so numerous lately, but it soon became evident that it was distinctly different from them in the best sense of the word. For instead of merely scratching the surface, Dr. Gumpert has dug deep into the subsoil and turned up valuable and always interesting material.

The work is arranged chronologically, opening in the sixteenth century with Jerome Cardan, "a scientist between the ages," who began his career as a physician, but made his reputation not with medicine, but with the application of the universal joint in mechanics and certain mathematical treatises. Typical of the sketches is that on Vesalius, the founder of modern anatomy, who broke down one of the greatest traditions of medical dignity by contending that the only way to find out anything about the human body was to work on it. With unseemly audacity, he proved that the god of the early anatomists, Galen, had never dissected a human body and, as a matter of fact, knew almost nothing about it. His heresy brought him very close to death at the stake, but by diplomacy and treading carefully, he escaped.

Vesalius's contemporary, Servetus, less fortunate than he, since he was burned at the stake by Calvin; Copernicus; Keppler; Swammerdam, the founder of modern biology; Wolff; Lamarck, and Mayer, who established the principle of the conservation of energy, all come in for sketches in Dr. Gumpert's book. Jackson and Morton are presented as the discoverers of ether as an anesthetic, almost the entire chapter on them, however, being given over to an account of the bitter battle between them as to the priority of their discovery. A chapter is devoted to Pettenkofer, whose theories on contagious disease though wrong did much to establish the study of germ-borne diseases, and the concluding chapter of the volume is devoted to a living scientist, the great brain surgeon, Dr. Harvey Cushing. Scores of minor scientists make a brief appearance, serving to fill in Dr. Gumpert's picture. The book is a rambling but interesting survey of some of the brilliant episodes of science.

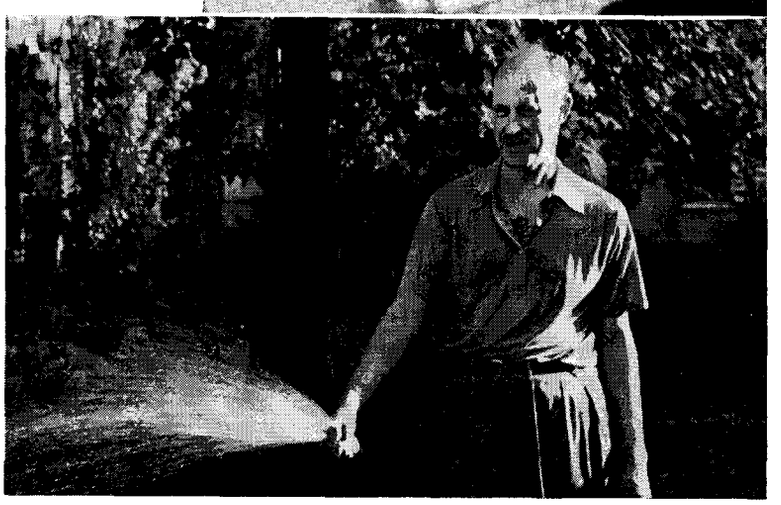
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Films of Two Cities

News Pictures From New York and Washington, by Robert Disraeli

In New York, Jules Romains (above) addressed the Cosmopolitan and P. E. N. Clubs, autographed his books, and went apartment-hunting just to see how New Yorkers live. He is now lecturing at Mills College; the fifth volume of his novel, "Men of Good Will," is coming in July. . . . At his desk in Washington is Secretary Henry A. Wallace (right), author of "Whose Constitution?," to be published next week.

In New York, Clelie Benton Huggins (above), winner of a Houghton-Mifflin Literary Fellowship ($1000) for her forthcoming novel, "Point Noir" . . . (Right) "Lottie of the Literati," a sketch from this summer's satirical revue, "New Faces of 1936," presents Tom Rutherford, in the leopard skin, impersonating a famous novelist and big game hunter.



In Washington, Drew Pearson leaves the merry-go-round to turn the hose on his garden. Mr. Pearson, in collaboration with R. S. Allen, has written a book on the Supreme Court, "Nine Old Men," soon to appear.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Bowling Green by Christopher Morley

"Sense of Uneasiness"

I AM grateful to M. L. S. for calling my attention to William Blake's annotations on Lavater's *Aphorisms* (p. 901 of the Random House one-volume Blake). Lavater (1741-1801) was a Swiss preacher whose gnomic epigrams were published in English translation in 1788. (Are they the same, I wonder, as his book, mentioned in an encyclopaedia, with the delightful title *Aussichten in die Ewigkeit?*) M. L. S., who has the dualism of being equally prompt to accept or to impart information, pulled from his pocket one of the little colored scratch pads with which he is always provided —very like prescription blanks. On it he wrote this memo: *Lavater is the most under-read man of wisdom of his time.*

I found much pleasure in Lavater, and still more in Blake's comments on the various maxims. Lavater with good Helvetian piety wished his gnomes to be taken seriously and intimately by his readers. Blake did so. He might have said, in words of the pun which was so much deplored in *The Black Crook*, "I gnome personally." He conscientiously followed Lavater's instructions, which were—

> If you mean to know yourself, interline such of these aphorisms as affect you agreeably in reading, and set a mark to such as left a sense of uneasiness with you; and then shew your copy to whom you please.

Here are a few of Lavater's aphorisms, with Blake's notes thereon.

LAVATER:—Who has many wishes has generally but little will. Who has energy of will has few diverging wishes. Whose will is bent with energy on *one*, *must* renounce the wishes for *many* things.

BLAKE:—Admirable.

LAVATER:—He is a good man whose intimate friends are all good, and whose enemies are characters decidedly bad.

BLAKE:—Uneasy: I fear I have not many enemies.

LAVATER:—Say not you know another entirely, till you have divided an inheritance with him.

BLAKE:— ! !

LAVATER:—He who, when called upon to speak a disagreeable truth, tells it boldly and has done is both bolder and milder than he who nibbles in a low voice and never ceases nibbling.

BLAKE:—Damn such!

LAVATER:—Trust not him with your secrets, who, when left alone in your room, turns over your papers.

BLAKE:—Uneasy, yet I hope I should not do it.

LAVATER:—Whenever a man undergoes a considerable change, in consequence of being observed by others, be advised to guard yourself against him.

BLAKE:—Rather uneasy.

LAVATER:—Who, with calm wisdom alone, imperceptibly directs the obstinacy of others will be the most eligible friend or the most dreadful enemy.

BLAKE:—This must be a grand fellow.

LAVATER:—He who reforms himself, has done more toward reforming the public than a crowd of noisy, impotent patriots.

BLAKE:—Excellent!

LAVATER:—Take here the grand secret—if not of pleasing all, yet of displeasing none—court mediocrity, avoid originality, and sacrifice to fashion.

BLAKE:—& go to hell.

LAVATER:—The public seldom forgive twice.

BLAKE:—Let us take their example.

LAVATER:—Venerate four characters: the sanguine, who has checked volatility and the rage for pleasure; the choleric who has subdued passion and pride; the phlegmatic emerged from indolence; and the melancholy who has dismissed avarice suspicion and asperity.

BLAKE:—4 most holy men.

Appeal to Travelers

This is the season when we frequently call upon far-ranging clients to do this or that for us. If anyone should happen to be driving through Sussex this summer we wish they'd pause at Felpham (on the Channel, near Bognor) and take some photographs. Particularly we'd like to know if the cottage still exists to which Blake moved (with 16 boxes of prints) in September 1800. You may remember the letters of ecstasy written by Blake on his arrival. "Felpham Cottage, of cottages the prettiest" he wrote. "If I should ever build a Palace it would be only My Cottage Enlarged." "It has a very fine view of the sea. . . . The villagers of Felpham are not meer Rustics; they are polite & modest. . . . Felpham is a sweet place for Study, because it is more Spiritual than London; voices of Celestial inhabitants are more distinctly heard. . . . the People are Genuine Saxons, handsomer than the people about London."

Alas, Felpham was not only more Spiritual but also more rheumatic. Mrs. Blake suffered constantly from "ague," and in 1803 they were glad to return to town. The final disillusionment at Felpham was Blake being arrested on the charge of a private of dragoons whom he ejected from his garden. The latter swore that Blake uttered sedition and said "D— the K—."

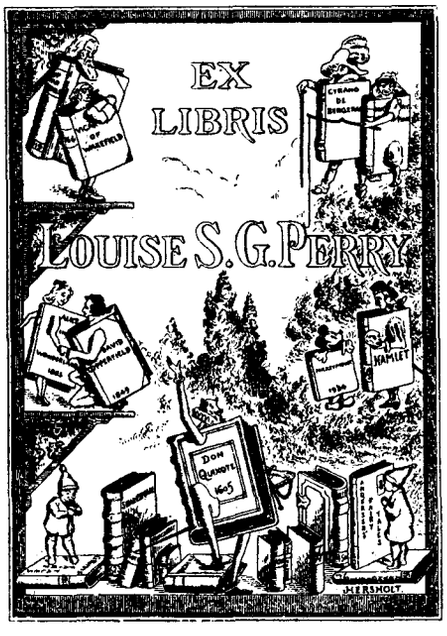
Other villages in that region which we always hankered to visit with a camera are Selborne (Gilbert White) and Winterslow (near Salisbury) where Hazlitt used to stay "at an ancient inn on the Great Western Road, called Winterslow Hut."

During a brief visit to Wheaton College (Norton, Mass.) I happened to notice a bookplate used by Mrs. Louise Perry, who has charge of the college bookshop. It pleased me not only for itself but also because it was drawn by Jean Hersholt who is distinguished both as actor and as book collector. I like specially the grouping of Cyrano and Huck Finn, of Hamlet and Mickey Mouse. Mrs. Perry explained that she had used it by permission of Dawson's Bookshop in Los Angeles. Mr. Hersholt drew it for Dawson's Christmas catalogue in 1934.

Gasogene, Coal Box, Persian Slipper

(A Baker Street Essay)

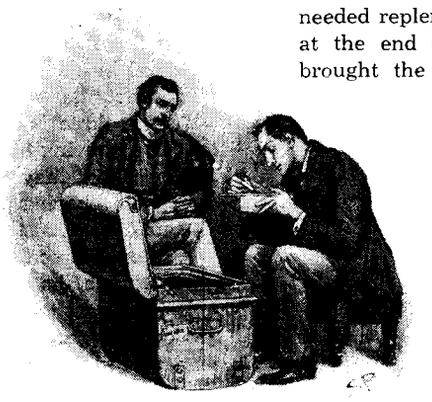
Sir:—I must write you on behalf of my late esteemed friend, Sherlock Holmes, of the Holmeses of Baker Street. Somewhere in your writings you queried the "gasogene." Somewhere you cast doubt on Holmes's habit of keeping cigars in the coal box. Somewhere you expressed incredulity at his trick of keep-



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing tobacco in a Persian slipper. . . . Alas, that you should have missed so much opportunity for a simple process of logical deduction.

You must by this time have learned that a gasogene (I have been meaning to write you this since 1930) is a glass vessel shaped like the figure 8—the upper part being crowned with a handle and nozzle like a common, or beer garden siphon, for swizzling soda water into your Cutty Sark. The gasogene was loaded in its upper chamber with acid crystals and sodas and whatnot to generate gas, which passed into the lower chamber which was three parts filled with water. The gas generated in the upper chamber aerated the water in the lower chamber, and after a proper period had elapsed the gasogene simply became the siphon of every afternoon use. These contrivances had a habit of exploding, and I well remember a room in my father's house in which the wall paper was bejewelled with fine fragments of glass that had been embedded in it by such an explosion. The whole contrivance was enclosed in a wire netting, presumably to hold the fragments together when the burst came, but the smaller and more deadly pieces of glass shrapnel easily penetrated the mesh and anything within several feet of it.



HOLMES EXPLORES THE TIN TRUNK
(*Musgrave Ritual*,
Strand Magazine, 1893.)

But, my dear sir, in your speculations on Holmesiana, and particularly those concerning Dr. Watson, you have overlooked clues about his antecedents which are of the highest importance. I deduce from the reference to the cigars in the coal box that either (1), Mrs. Hudson was a Scotswoman, or, (2) Watson spent at least some part of his student days in Edinburgh. A closer examination of our hypothesis would almost inevitably eliminate the assumption that Mrs. Hudson was a Scotswoman. What Scotswoman would have sanctioned the advent of the Baker Street Irregulars into her house? What Scotswoman would have tolerated target practice in one of her rooms—even in the one profitably rented to such highly admirable characters as Mr. Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson? I think, my dear Morley, we may eliminate Mrs. Hudson. That Dr. Watson spent some of his college days in Edinburgh seems not only highly probable, but, in the light of these researches, almost certain. The coal box which you deride not only was in the nineties but is today part of the equipment of that peculiar stratum of Edinburgh society which is a subdivision of the so called Middle Class. In these homes students in Edinburgh University found their rooms and lived comfortably—with accommodations and board complete with kippers for breakfast—at an unbelievably small number of shillings a week.

The coal box was an ornament, and in it were stored such details of fireside comfort as slippers, unread magazines, and so forth. Why not cigars? An uncle of mine who must have been a contemporary of Watson in Edinburgh continued to put the sundries of his evening comfort in the coal box—which never had held coal—until his death, a few years ago. It was, I tell you, an ornamental piece of furniture; and when the fire needed replenishing, the bell-pull at the end of the mantel-piece brought the servant lassie from the kitchen with a cannily measured "scuttle" of coal, from which the fire was fed with great daintiness and dexterity. I have in my possession a coal box which to my knowledge is nearly fifty years old, but which, until it fell into the hands of the philistines in this country, had never held so much as a spoonful of coal. In that instance, the coal box, which stood by the fireplace chair, had been used by my mother and by my grandmother before her for the odds and ends of sewing and knitting utensils that a Scotswoman picks up in the afternoon so that even her time of rest may not be entirely wasted! No, no, my dear sir! You must concede Holmes his coal box.

As for the Persian slipper used as a receptacle for Bird's Eye or Shag tobacco—a mere commonplace, my dear Morley! If you will proceed to the east end of Princes Street, Edinburgh, today and take the left fork which leads down Leith Street instead of following the tramway lines for Porto Bello, and if further you will remain on the left side of the street which is Leith Street (not to be confused with Leith Walk), you will presently come to a tobacconist's (not to be confused with the shop conducted in London by Prince Florizel of Bohemia) in which even unto this day single Persian slippers may be purchased for the self-same purpose which you decry. The slippers so far as I know were never sold in pairs. They were made of soft Persian leather and were without heels. The tobacco was stuffed into the forward, or toe part of the slipper, and (believe it or not) the slipper was then not infrequently attached by means of a ring to a hook on the wall beside the fireplace, near the coal box and the bell-pull, and, of course, within reach of the fireplace easy chair. When I bought my own first pipe at the tobacconist's hereinbefore mentioned, I provided myself with a folding tobacco pouch or spleuchan of black rubber, which of course accommodated one's portable supply of tobacco. It was the fireside supply which was stuffed in the toe of the Persian slipper. . . . I have seen neither the coal box used for every conceivable household article except coal, nor the Persian slipper used for tobacco anywhere but in Edinburgh; and I submit, my dear sir, that Watson must have studied there. Even had Mrs. Hudson been a Scotswoman out of Edinburgh, it is conceivable that she might have imported the ornamental coal box, but it seems highly improbable that she would also have imported the Persian slipper tobacco pouch.

But consider, my dear Morley, where our deductions are leading us! Holmes is being influenced by Watson; when most authorities have appeared to confine themselves to the position that Watson was entirely influenced by Holmes, and Holmes not by Watson at all! . . . There may be more in this than meets the eye.

JAMES KEBBIE.

Boston.

Forerunner of the Moderns

(*Continued from page 4*)

grieved when people supposed that he meant by the Brahmans a bloated Boston aristocracy. His innocent and serviceable caste was no such thing. Its members were commonly sensitive, pallid and shy, and their only birthright was a taste for learning. Bred from races of scholars, descended from gentle souls who had stepped off the "Mayflower" or the "Arbella" with books in their hands, races that had acquired, by the repetition, generation after generation, of the same unworldly influences, a distinct organization and facial type, they took to their books at school as a pointer or a setter to his field-work. Their names were constantly rising to prominence in connection with some learned labor, and the nation owed to their devotion countless unrequited benefits. Indeed, they were a caste to which only a niggard could wish to refuse a decent homage; for in exchange for all their lofty efforts, what were their worldly claims, their prescriptive titles?—that they wore white linen by inherited instinct, that they were able to pronounce the sacred word "view," a word not to be spelled or, by others, pronounced, the touchstone of New England Brahmanism. Dr. Holmes was not to be blamed if other times brought other customs, if, in days to come, the Brahmans ceased to perform their function and, in proportion as they lost their vigor, advanced their worldly claims.

Everybody listened to the Autocrat, except a little group of thinkers who also described themselves as Humanists. Perhaps they were not in the room when

(*Continued on next page*)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The splendours of love and glory live in this unforgettable novel..

SANFELICE

by the author of PERSONAL HISTORY
[Now in its 90th thousand]

VINCENT SHEEAN

Great as were the inspiring pages of PERSONAL HISTORY, here is a greater book. It is an historical novel, but its problems are our problems; it deals with the hopes and passions that belong as much to ourselves as to ill-starred Naples in the days of Napoleon.

Famous critics, here and abroad, have given it their highest praise. The judges of three book clubs (who selected it in America for the Literary Guild and the Book Union; in England recommended it to the Book Society's members) have acclaimed it.

Of it Hervey Allen writes: * "SANFELICE is a splendid and rich performance in the field of historical fiction. It is a thrilling narrative. Its main and minor characters are, even when strange, vividly convincing. It develops a tragic love story, full of sultry passion. Its social and historical implications are philosophically profound. The curtain goes up upon a pregnant and enormously dramatic instant of history. The volcanic city seethes with tyranny and revolt."

In countless homes, at countless dinner tables, SANFELICE will be discussed. As entertainment it is superb. As a study of men and women in troubled times, a century ago or now, it is a book no thinking person can afford to miss. *$2.50*

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

* *In the Saturday Review of Literature, June 20th.*

Forerunner of the Moderns

(*Continued from preceding page*)

he remarked: "Beware of making your moral staple consist of the negative virtues. It is good to abstain, and teach others to abstain, from all that is sinful and harmful. But making a business of it leads to emaciation of character, unless one feeds largely also on the more nutritious diet of active sympathetic benevolence." Perhaps this little group considered the doctor frivolous, with his marked distaste for a "soul-subduing decorum." But everyone else was prepared to listen when he wrote a novel, "Elsie Venner"; for he had long believed that every intelligent man had the stuff of a novel in him, and therefore why not he? In fact, he wrote three novels, as he wrote three books about the breakfast-table, proving his theory about continuations, that they were not often justified. Good jockeying, he thought, was important for authors. One should let the public see one's horse only just enough and not too much, hold him up hard when the market was too full of him, always gently feel his mouth, never slack and never jerk the rein. He let his own horse out only when the horse grew too impatient, and sometimes with not too much success. His novels were "medicated novels"; and, as the doctor was always a talker, he strolled about from page to page, airing his views about his characters, dismissing them at times with a turn of the hand as if they were so many cases at a medical meeting. His composition was very untidy. But he always had a new story even when it was only a ghost of a story, as in the breakfast-table series, and he always had a problem to deal with,—hysteria in a young girl, a young man's gynophobia, morbid religious excitement and its effects. There were happy streaks in all his writings, and striking applications of modern science; and his essay on "Mechanism in Thought and Morals," the "underground workshop of thought," —the unconscious,—was a brilliant anticipation of Dr. Freud. In fact, although "Elsie Venner," of all these later books, was the only one that seriously counted, the doctor knew so much about human nature, and had such a tang of his own, that one could read him at his worst with pleasure.

He was always putting two and two together, and "Elsie Venner" stood for a large sum in this species of multiplication. He had taken one of his twos from the old medical books over which he was constantly poring, Schenckius, Andreas Baccius, Cardanus, books that amused the imagination. They were full of Æsculapian gossip concerning girls who had fed on poison and who acted out the influence of the poison, gossip about men, bitten by serpents, who became the fathers of daughters whom serpents could not harm, however the daughters might mistreat the serpents. "Christabel" and

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Keats's "Lamia" were favorites with the doctor; and recent experiments had seemed to suggest that snake-bites might produce an influence over the moral faculties of the victim. But all these mythical and half-mythical data merely served to fertilize the doctor's fancy. He was out for larger game when he imagined the beautiful, cold girl with the glittering eyes who was destined for a tragic end, the gliding, sliding Elsie, with diamonds on her breast, and her asp-like bracelet, and the barred skirts in which she liked to dance, to the rhythm of castanets. She was still and dangerous and watchful, silent in her anger and swift in vengeance, and the village folk believed that she was able to twist herself into all sorts of shapes and tie herself in a knot. In short, she suggested the rattlesnake that Dr. Holmes kept in his cage; and the story was that a snake had bitten her mother, just before Elsie was born. Was it a case of physical cause and effect? How could any honest doctor say so, even if he liked to tease his readers? Besides, there were plenty of Elsies in New England whose mothers had not been bitten by rattlesnakes. Several of them had been hanged as witches; and who but Margaret Fuller had narrowed her lids, just as Elsie did, till her eyes were small and bright as diamonds? The doctor was interested indeed in the subject of prenatal influences, but not in quite so simple a way as this. He wished to test the doctrine of original sin, which was still raging in New England, or, to place it on a larger ground, the doctrine of human responsibility for the aberrations of a disordered will. Was Elsie "shapen in iniquity," as the farmers and the country parsons thought? Not if they saw her life as the doctor saw it and did his best to make his readers see it. Was she a subject for wrath or a subject for pity? The rattlesnake's bite was only a figure of speech for any kind of untoward circumstance,—a couple of drunken grandfathers, abuse in childhood,—that might explain anyone's aberrations of will. If one saw this clearly in Elsie's case, what about all the other unhappy creatures who were born with poison in their system?

This time the doctor cast a bombshell into the circle of his fellow-boarders. Every breakfast-table in the country resounded with "Elsie Venner." Were you a Unitarian or a Calvinist, or any other variety of Jew or Christian, were you interested in the recent theories about heredity and environment, in medical and therapeutic questions, philosophy, criminology, education? Then "Elsie Venner" had something to say to you, and sometimes it was not a pleasant message. If, as a good Unitarian, you liked to think of the soul as an "unstained white tablet," then Elsie with her wicked little powders was an awkward nut to crack. The question whether Elsie could help herself was even more of a dose for the Orthodox. If you were a Pharisee, you fared still worse; for if Elsie was not responsible, if she could not be accused of sin,—however one might punish her for crime,—what became of your own pretensions? Were you not obliged to see that your valor and justice, your strength, truth, and virtue were merely the result of your happy fortune? What was your aristocracy but a sum that began with a one in tar and a two in tallow, and perhaps a three in whale-oil, however maintained by pluck? Your elevated type of face and figure were due not to you and your father's virtue, beyond a certain measure, but to the money made from the tar and the tallow that bought the air and sunshine, the healthy, happy summers, the good nursing and doctoring, the best cuts of the best beef and mutton, which enabled your father, and his father and his, to grow up in such a kindly fashion and, when they were grown, to afford the costly luxury of beauty and marry the finest specimens of the other sex. This train of reasoning went a long way when the valor and the truth, strength and virtue were so obviously poisoned *out* of a race by the food of the bushman in his forest, by the foul air and darkness of the tenement-houses where half one's fellow-Christians were constrained to live. Just how far it went, the doctor might not have cared to think, for the "sunny street that holds the sifted few," the "swell-fronts and south-exposure houses" had a singular charm for him, as for other mortals, and the people who lived inside these houses were not only just as good as other people but the pleasantest for a doctor to take care of. "Why not take the tops of your sparrowgrass? Somebody must have 'em,—why shouldn't you?" Such was the doctor's advice to a young disciple; and, in fact, he never pretended to be a sage, too lofty for these trifles. He knew that a certain amount of glass was mingled with the bricks in the house he lived in, a knowledge that disarmed the caster of pebbles; and meanwhile he had discharged a thunderbolt that fairly rocked the walls of Philistinism. Who, after reading "Elsie Venner," could talk about "total depravity"? Who was to condemn? Who to judge? Or pride himself too much on his family portraits? Or think that God had given him his lands and chattels in recognition of his Christian virtue? Dr. Holmes, perhaps unwittingly, had played into the hands of Dr. Darwin. He had played into the hands of Dr. Freud. He had played into the hands of another doctor of whom he had never heard, Dr. Marx. One never knows how far a doctor's table-talk may carry him.

The foregoing article, somewhat expanded, will constitute a chapter in Van Wyck Brooks's forthcoming book, "The Flowering of New England," to be published this summer by E. P. Dutton and Co. Among Mr. Brooks's previous books are "Emerson and Others" and "The Ordeal of Mark Twain."

Recommended to readers of The Saturday Review:

THIS GUN FOR HIRE
by GRAHAM GREENE
The vivid tale of a murderer and a girl, in a world gone mad with threatened war—a moving novel, an exciting thriller. By the author of *Orient Express.* $2.

An Important Discovery
UNDER GREEN APPLE BOUGHS
The inspiring record of the making of a home out of a dilapidated cottage; of the joy of a garden; of a woman's indomitable spirit, by LUCILE GREBENC. $2.

THE FOOL HATH SAID
by BEVERLEY NICHOLS
A brilliant book about life and faith and religion, enthralling to read, inspiring to own. For readers who don't go to church as much as for those that do. $2.

The year's most unusual novel
THREE SISTERS FLEW HOME
by MARY FITT
A heartless, beautiful woman, a strange New Year's Eve party, three enigmatic sisters, and a silver dagger play important roles in this novel of macabre glamor. $2.

An outstanding best-seller
JAMAICA INN
by DAPHNE du MAURIER
A wild, swift romance—a tapestry of high adventure. As sheer entertainment we recommend it without qualification. *5th Printing,* $2.50

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New Outlook of Physics

NEW WORLD PICTURE. By George W. Gray. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 1936. $3.50.

THE REVOLUTION IN PHYSICS. By Ernst Zimmer. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1936. $3.75.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF PHYSICS. By Max Planck. New York: W. W. Norton & Company. 1936. $2.

SCIENCE: A New Outline. By J. W. N. Sullivan. New York: Thomas Nelson & Sons. 1935. $2.

Reviewed by F. S. C. NORTHROP

ALTERATIONS in the physicist's conception of nature continue to be made. Fundamental changes of outlook as revolutionary as those introduced by Einstein's theory of relativity have occurred. Wave mechanics has brought a serious questioning of the conception of matter as made up of particles, and quantum theory has forced a new examination of the status of the scientific and philosophical concept of causality. The layman who desires to acquaint himself with the facts and theories which have produced these developments will find three recently published books admirably suited to his purposes.

The "New World Picture," by George W. Gray, marks the advent of an American who can write brilliantly and competently about contemporary physical science. In many respects no one else has been so successful in bringing a most readable and reasonably trustworthy exposition of science within the forms of expression and realm of discourse of the lay reader. The first section of his book gives an excellent idea of the way in which the scientist supplements his sense organs with the photographic and spectrographic instruments of the laboratory and the refined forms of pure mathematics. The second portion of the book provides a popular introduction to the theory of relativity and includes an account of the astronomical evidence which bears on the relativistic speculations concerning the structure of the cosmos as a whole. The final section concerns itself with the inside of the atom, and introduces the reader to quantum theory and wave mechanics. The final impression left by the book is that scientific knowledge is somewhat at loose ends.

Gray's "New World Picture" should be followed with Zimmer's "The Revolution in Physics." The slight sense of confusion with which Gray's book closes arises in part because of the extremely empirical emphasis on science with which the book ends. This emphasis causes one unconsciously to conceive one's experimental science in common sense terms. When this is done contradictions occur and the science of physics gives the impression of being disorganized. Physicists who have an appreciation of the formal as well as the empirical aspect of scientific method have shown, however, that much of this apparent confusion is quite spurious. The difficulty is that we have been conceiving of our empirical "facts" in the wrong terms. Alter our conceptions by replacing common sense notions with mathematical forms and the contradictions, in part at least, disappear. It is this story of the revolution in the physicist's way of conceiving of his perceived experimental data which Zimmer's book contains. His exposition is clear, rigorous, and in ordinary language. The book closes with a balanced discussion of science and philosophy in which the present issue between the positivistic and the metaphysical analysis of science is discussed.

The latter chapter provides an excellent background for an appreciation of the latest book from the pen of the founder of Quantum Mechanics, Professor Max Planck. This book takes the physics for granted and proceeds directly to a discussion of the philosophical issues which the new science has raised. Professor Planck brings to this discussion not merely his authority as a physicist, but also the more intimate first-hand acquaintance with philosophy which most scientists trained in continental universities enjoy. For insight and understanding, this is the most important book of the three. An analysis of the relationship between perceived and ideal factors in scientific method is given. The thesis that science involves absolute as well as relative concepts and metaphysical assumptions is convincingly defended.

The most valuable exposition of science for the layman will be one that escapes a mere recording of information and omits mathematics. It will keep itself on the empirical level, restricting discussion to that which can be told in terms of the factors which common sense can grasp. It will seek to give insight as well as mere information by presenting a systematic outline of many fields, indicating their natural interconnections. All of this Mr. Sullivan has accomplished in "Science: A New Outline." As Sir Arthur Eddington has said, "It tells the lay reader just what he most wants to know."

It opens with an account of our earth, its size, constitution, motion, and origin. This leads over to our solar system and the Newtonian theory of gravitation. After a consideration of the atomic theory of matter, and the theories of heat and electricity, the basis is laid for an excellent introduction to the theory of relativity and recent developments in atomic theory. The last portion of the book connects the inorganic universe with the origin and maintenance of life, and treats of the elements of the scientific theory of heredity and evolution.

The entire story develops simply and naturally. The book is fascinating. It holds one's interest, just as science commands the interest of the scientist, by the sheer weight of a straightforward presentation of its material.

A BORZOI BOOK

It gives me pleasure to present to American readers a novel of Sweden that is modern, sophisticated, exciting — and not, in any sense, a saga. I believe you will enjoy

The Old Man's Coming

By GÖSTA GUSTAF-JANSON

Excellent dialogue, superb characterizations, dramatic situations and suspense make this an outstanding novel in *any* language. The translation is by Claude Napier.

494 Pages $2.75

ALFRED·A·KNOPF·N·Y·

Why not become a Friend of Borzoi Books? For particulars write Mr. Knopf at 730 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Treading on Big Toes

CHEESE IT—THE COPS! By Emanuel H. Lavine. New York: The Vanguard Press. 1936. $2.50.

Reviewed by ROBERT STRUNSKY

DOWN at Centre Market Place the boys are saying that Mr. Lavine had better watch his step. This is the second time that he has been treading on pretty big toes—police toes, which are perhaps the biggest in the world. A few years ago he trod very heavily on them in a book called "The Third Degree" in which he disclosed the indelicate technique used in eliciting information from alleged criminals.

Now he is at it again, only in a larger and more general way, advancing the thesis that the Department in all its ramifications is riddled with graft and crooks and inefficiency and stupidity. He begins with the rookie, or probationary cop, and traces his progress through the ranks to high office along a road strewn with evil.

Mr. Lavine has been a police reporter for more than twenty years, and doubtless a percentage of his attitude can be discounted on the grounds of cynicism yet there is a substantial residue which to anyone associated with the operations of the Department is remarkably convincing. The Seabury investigation of some years ago offers documentary evidence for Mr. Lavine's indictment. In its files you can find a veritable case record of cops "throwing" cases that have political connections; of cops accepting "sugar" from disorderly houses; of cops actually procuring in an attempt to build up their record of arrests for prostitution; of bribery and defection and brutality and false swearing and extortion, to say nothing of countless instances of hugger-mugger of a minor and petty character.

There is unfortunately a tradition in this branch of the civil service for dishonesty, and like all traditions, it is extremely adhesive and difficult to remove. I suppose it comes from consorting with the criminal element. I suppose if society could give the average cop a better environment, keep him away from thieves and murderers, from perjurers and extortionists, his better self would have more of a chance to assert itself. But of course society does just the opposite, goes out of its way, you might almost say, to place the cop in the very sinks of iniquity and ask him to clean them out. Mr. Lavine contends that if you could first clean up the Police Department, you could clean up crime in a week. There is a good deal in what he says.

Robert Strunsky is on the staff of the New York Sun.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 117)

HAROLD L. DAVIS—
"HONEY IN THE HORN."

There was a kind of hopelessness about that lost tag-end of a great people, stuck off in such a place without anything to use their brains on, if any of them ever developed any, with nothing that they could ever amount to.

A healthy, realistic novel of the problems that beset the real "Younger Generation"

Ever The Winds Blow

the new novel by

Elliott Merrick

author of "True North," etc.

The brave, honest and invigorating story of a young man's revolt against the smugness and venality of modern urban life. 382 pages. $2.50

"Ironic, subtle, witty and intensely interesting"
—Philadelphia Ledger

The Last Puritan

A Memoir in the Form of a Novel by

George Santayana

"No novelist in our time has pictured the Puritan so fearlessly and yet so generously, no one has balanced the good and the ill, the fineness and the drawbacks of a reasonable life with such ingratiating scholarship"
Harry Hansen in the New York World-Telegram

A National Best Seller Since February 1 $2.75

at all bookstores

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New Books

Art

THE LIFE OF CHRIST IN THE ITALIAN OLD MASTERS. Edited with an Introduction by Edward Hutton. Oxford University Press. 1936. $2.

The veteran editor Mr. Edward Hutton has provided a brief but useful introduction showing the chronological order of appearance of the pictured narratives of the life of Christ. In the ninety-six plates he has freshened up a rather familiar gallery by drawing somewhat on mosaics and pre-Giottesque painting, and heartily and happily, for the parables, on the admirable little pictures of Domenico Fetti. It is hard to see how the selection could be substantially bettered, though a second edition might be enriched by the inclusion of the unique and delightful Christ with the Desert Beasts, by Moretta of Brescia, in the Metropolitan Museum; and as well by adding the admirably sinister Sower of Tares by Fetti, at Worcester, Mass. Here and there the captions are defective. For example, without explanation "Maestro delle Vele" will mean nothing to the average buyer of this book, while Tiepolo without initials will be confusing.

F. J. M.

Fiction

CLANSMEN. By Ethel Boileau. Dutton. 1936. $2.50.

If there is no single thread, no tension whatever to draw a reader to the end of a novel, there must be something very wrong indeed with the book. Certainly no authentic process of creation can have entered into the making of "Clansmen." Loosely strung upon a monotonous succession of passing years, it is in no sense composed; no artistry has supplemented a fundamental poverty of invention. Mrs. Boileau has intelligence and a knowledge of the world, but there is only sterility and tediousness in her long chronicle of Alan Stewart of Ardbreck, a modern Highland chieftain, to whom nothing much happens except that he loses his fortune. Sometimes a poorly constructed novel is redeemed by the life of its characters, but in "Clansmen" not a single character has blood or warmth; it is difficult indeed to make the effort of finding out what happens to them. They are mute and motionless, although the printed words record their sayings and their gestures.

C. C.

THE FOUNDER OF THE HOUSE. By Naomi Jacob. Macmillan. 1936. $2.50.

Miss Naomi Jacob's new story is sheer old-fashioned romance—indeed, almost romantic melodrama, complete with angels and villains. Readers of her previous work will be glad to find here the preamble to sequels already familiar, for this volume goes back to chronicle the international origins of the illustrious Anglo-Jewish firm of Gollantz, interior decorators and dealers in art. It traces the fortunes of three generations of Gollantzes in two capitals, Paris and Vienna, before transferring the third, in the person of young Emmanuel, to London. It is all touched with exaggeration, with sentimentality, even with theatricality. The author admires, loathes, and stacks her cards with an insouciance which is positively scandalous by every respectable criterion of novel writing. And it is all immensely likable, refreshing, delightful. Through its faintly incredible characterizations there emerges the exact truth of how Miss Jacob feels about her race, about various historic gentile attitudes toward her race, and above all about the Jew whose character or conduct reflects discredit upon her race. You lay the book down with a feeling that its engaging falsities have told you a lot about the Jewish character and about the history of the Jew in Europe from Napoleonic times to the 1870's, somewhat as the engaging falsities of "The Cloister and the Hearth" once told you a lot about the Renaissance.

How many austerely realistic novels of the past decade have given their readers, by way of net effect, half as much as that?

W. F.

SAVAGES AND SAINTS. By Mrs. Fremont Older. Dutton. 1936. $2.50.

It is likely that none other than Mrs. Older could write "Savages and Saints." The story is peculiarly the work of one who is steeped in the traditions of California literary production taken at its best.

The time is that of the Spanish California which endured, for a space, after the American conquest. The place, the ruined mission Santa Lucia, founded by Father Junipero Serra in person, on his proselyting pilgrimage up through California from Mexico. To the unbuilding of isolated Santa Lucia was sent, by his superior the archbishop in San Francisco, the ardent but wilful young priest Pedro Lacey, that in spiritual and physical work he might find sanctuary from the desire for the woman he had met.

The tale is that of man and priest—of Father Pedro the knight errant, the human being, the ordained counselor, and of his contacts with personages of various degrees, including the hunted outlaw, Narciso Maldonado, and sundry characterized animals, who form the parish charge. The woman comes, even from faraway Europe; and Padre Pedro Lacey, of Irish cavalier blood, wearing the penitential barbed girdle once worn by Father Serra himself, again has to fight the flesh.

This is a novel with high color, living characters, vivid scenes, an abundance of regional lore, and sympathy that makes apparent tragedy sweet.

E. L. S.

International

DICTATORSHIP. Edited by R. A. Goslin. The Foreign Policy Association. 1936. 35 *cents.*

THE DANGEROUS YEAR. By Raymond Leslie Buell. The same.

RAW MATERIALS, POPULATION, PRESSURE, AND WAR. By Sir Norman Angell. The World Peace Foundation. 1936. 75 *cents.*

All three of these pamphlets exhibit the qualities as well as the defects of the liberal point of view. The Foreign Policy Association's pamphlet, "Dictatorships," describes both communist and fascist dictatorships, the solutions which they offer, and their philosophies; it includes an admirable discussion of the psychology of fascism. Mr. Buell in "The Dangerous

HUMOR OF THE OLD DEEP SOUTH

By Arthur Palmer Hudson

"A book that belongs on every shelf of Americana! No one who is in the least interested in how life was lived in the past in America should miss owning it. Not a book to borrow, to hurriedly read and discard. It is a book to *keep*."—*New York Times*. $5.00.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, NEW YORK

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Year" reviews and analyzes international events of the last year, as well as relevant internal developments in various European countries. He offers a very illuminating discussion of the conflict between power politics and the idea of collective security. Unlike the authors of "Dictatorship" he devotes considerable attention to the underlying causes of dictatorships. Mr. Buell unfortunately does not give economic nationalism sufficiently thorough treatment. As Sir Norman Angell points out in "Raw Materials, Population, Pressure, and War," what expansionist powers want is not territory so much as prestige. Mr. Buell's suggestion that they solve their problems through the League in coöperation with the "glutted" countries, therefore seems beside the point. Sir Norman recognizes that economic nationalism is the cause of our troubles, but he treats it as merely an aberration of our times, rather than as an evil closely related to the very nature of our political and economic society. Moreover, he underestimates the extent to which the desire for prestige is bound up with nationalism itself.

B. H., Jr.

Miscellaneous

STILL HELL BENT. By James P. Warburg. Doubleday, Doran, 1936. 50 *cents.*

In "Hell Bent for Election," which was published last October, Mr. Warburg assailed President Roosevelt on the ground that he was putting into effect the Socialist rather than the Democratic platform of 1932. Members of the former party from Mr. Norman Thomas down protested vigorously against this accusation, and that would seem to be a rejoinder of a quite authoritative sort. In the course of the campaign now opening it may be assumed that administration orators will reply categorically, if not to Mr. Warburg, then at least to the somewhat confused charges made at the Cleveland convention to the effect that Franklin D. Roosevelt is a fascist-communist revolutionist.

Meanwhile Mr. Warburg has returned to the attack in a sequel entitled "Still Hell Bent." His principal preoccupation in the present campaign document is to defeat Mr. Roosevelt for reëlection by attempting to prove, first, that even if the Republican party is triumphant we "shall not go back to what we had before the New Deal began"; second, that "while we are undoubtedly better off today than we were in March, 1933" still this is not due in any considerable measure to Mr. Roosevelt's efforts to conquer the depression. A third popular misconception which troubles Mr. Warburg greatly is that the President "has at least tried and, if reëlected, *will go on trying.*" "Franklin D. Roosevelt," he charges, "chose to cater to the demand for miracles born of misery and to lead this nation upon the heels of Russia, Germany, Austria, and Italy, away from the democratic principle and toward dictatorship."

It must be admitted that any man who can lead this or any other nation upon the heels of Russia, Germany, Austria, and Italy at one and the same time is a very versatile leader.

R. C. B.

FOLDING BEDOUINS

or Adrift in a Trailer

BY

HOWARD VINCENT O'BRIEN

What happened to one of America's celebrated columnists when the trailer bug bit him.

"Rolling your own home" is taking on epidemic proportions. Here you learn how it feels and what happens. A smacking pot-pourri of adventure, humor, information and trailing suggestions that puts a taste in your mouth for the wandering highway. ($1.00)

THE MASTER OF THE MAYFLOWER

BY

HENRY JUSTIN SMITH

The first authentic account of the mysterious and little known captain of the equally mysterious and little known Mayflower.

Humanized history with a thrill in it. The last work of a great author and editor into which went years of research and out of which comes the distinction of fresh knowledge and renewed pride in the founding of our nation. ($2.00)

POPULARITY

BY

REGINA WESTCOTT WIEMAN

How to get it. How to hold it. How to increase it. Popularity is not a luxury—it is a *vital necessity*, normal and natural to young and old. Here is a gay and brilliant book that gives you the clue to happy living. Tells you how to "rate"—why you *must* be popular to be your highest self. Shows you how to cope with modern social patterns and properly utilize group pressure. Made of the stuff of life. Publication date June 29. ($1.00)

WILLETT, CLARK & COMPANY, CHICAGO

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Trollope did not die---he lives today in BARCHESTER PILGRIMAGE by Ronald Knox---

"Excellently well done. Required reading for Trollope lovers." —*N. Y. Sun*

"Fr. Knox is a master of humor, satire, and irony. He makes the children and grandchildren of Trollope's best-drawn characters function as they would in these degenerate days."
—*A. Edward Newton*

"Quietly delightful, a sheer joy." —*Virginia Kirkus*

278 pp. $2.50

at your bookseller or

SHEED & WARD

63 Fifth Ave., New York

OLIVET WRITERS' CONFERENCE

OLIVET COLLEGE
OLIVET, MICHIGAN

RESIDENT STAFF:
Dorothea Brande, *author of "Wake Up and Live," "Becoming a Writer," etc.* **Carl Sandburg**, *American Poet;* **Alfred Kreymborg**, *Poet, Critic, Playwright;* **Allen Tate**, *author of "Stonewall Jackson," "Robert E. Lee," etc.;* **Caroline Gordon**, *author of "Alec Maury—Sportsman";* **Jean Starr Untermeyer**, *author of "Winged Child," etc.;* **Nanine Joseph**, *Literary Agent.*

Occasional lecturers, publishers' representatives and literary agents. Lectures, Round Table Discussions and Personal Conferences.

July 17—August 1

Terms: $75 including board and room

Address The Registrar, Olivet College Olivet, Michigan

No, Madam! We Have Never Employed a Mind-Reader.

IT is a continual source of regret to this department that mental telepathy is as yet commercially impracticable. But such is the case, and we must once again ask you to give us at least *three weeks' notice* of each change of address, if you wish to be sure of not missing a single issue of *The Saturday Review* while you are away this summer. Just send a card to the Subscription Department of *The Saturday Review* at 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

The Clearing House

CONDUCTED BY AMY LOVEMAN

Inquiries, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope, should be directed to Miss Loveman, in care of The Saturday Review.

A BALANCED RATION FOR A WEEK'S READING

THE BISHOP'S WIFE. By Robert Nathan. *Bobbs-Merrill.*

THOSE EARNEST VICTORIANS. By Esmé Wingfield-Stratford. *Morrow.*

THE EXPANDING UNIVERSE. By Sir Arthur S. Eddington. *Macmillan.*

Rural Tales for the Young

F. J. R. of New York City *asks in behalf of a mother who wishes reading for her two boys aged four and seven and her daughter of twelve for a list of books that will interest them in agricultural and rural life.*

FOR the younger children, of course, there is a host of books which indirectly fall in with her requirements, stories of animals, tales of adventure which carry their youthful heroes through the countryside, and books which weave into their chronicles description of trees, crops, etc. Perhaps the volume that preëminently will interest the youngsters is THE FARMER IN THE DELL (Macmillan), written and illustrated by Berta and Elmer Hader, a picture book of a year spent on a small American farm. Another volume which also tells its tale to the accompaniment of pictures by its author —gay colored ones they are—is E. B. Smith's FARM BOOK (Houghton Mifflin). The Petershams, those delightful illustrators for children, have furnished pictures for S. W. Adams's FIVE LITTLE FRIENDS (Macmillan), a chronicle of good times at school, farm, and seashore. Lucy Fitch Perkins has a volume in her Twin series entitled THE FARM TWINS (Houghton Mifflin), and there's a tale by C. W. Hunt called THE LITTLE HOUSE IN GREEN VALLEY (Houghton Mifflin) which recounts the adventures of a city family who migrated to the country after the father had inherited an old house there. L. F. Encking's THE LITTLE GARDENERS (Whitman) is another story of a father and his children, this time describing the experiences of the youngsters as they help their parent in the preparation of his flower garden. As for the girl of twelve the books with specifically rural bearing that come to my mind are Kate Douglas Wiggins's REBECCA OF SUNNYBROOK FARM (Houghton Mifflin), Mrs. Gaskell's CRANFORD (Macmillan), Phil Stong's STATE FAIR (Appleton-Century), and Eleanor Farjeon's MARTIN PIPPIN OF THE APPLE ORCHARD (Stokes). I have another request for a reading list for a girl of twelve, more general in character; perhaps this girl, too, will be interested in it, even though its suggestions are not chosen with a view to country background. The second list follows.

For a Girl of Twelve

D. B. of Etowah, N. C., *says her daughter of twelve reads everything she can lay her hands on, and she wishes suggestions for a list of books for her which need not necessarily be all modern or all fiction.*

The girl of twelve is just on the edge of that delightful age when adult literature begins to take on interest and come within the scope of her understanding, but when she can still quite unashamedly rejoice in Louisa Alcott, or in such books as Susan Coolidge's. Jane Porter's SCOTTISH CHIEFS (Scribners), Blackmore's

(*Continued on page* 22)

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE STORY OF SCOTLAND YARD *Sir Basil Thomson* (Doubleday, Doran: $2.65) (Non-fiction)	Long, fully illustrated, thoroughly documented story of police and detectives in England from Charles II to now.	Large number of actual cases described plus insight into workings of Yard gives book fascination of fiction.	For connoisseurs
THE CORPSE WITH THE DIRTY FACE *R. A. J. Walling* (Morrow: $2.)	London broker strangled. Confused by bunch of liars and puzzled by several missing minutes, Mr. Tolefree does very well.	Few better examples extant of detailed destruction of copper-bottomed alibis, intelligent dialogue, humor, and tense action.	Extra special
THE ISLAND OF FEAR *Hulbert Footner* (Harpers: $2.)	Septuple killing on "pleasure" yacht in Chesapeake Bay, and thereabouts, solved, after hair-raising adventures, by brave young skipper.	Gory, grim (and occasionally ridiculous) yarn with thirteen thrills to the dozen, weird background, and one snide auctorial trick.	Rip-roaring

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

MILTON RUNYON, entrepreneur of publishers' advertising, has been making his first visit to London. He reports that he and Fred Melcher (editor of *Publishers' Weekly*) attended a luncheon (6 courses, 3 hours) of the Publishers' Advertising Circle at Gatti's in the Strand. Old orotund Fred described the American promotion for *Sparkenbroke, Around the World in 11 Years,* and *Way of a Transgressor.* Milton himself "talked a few minutes on How to Advertise Without Spending any Money, but most of the crowd (about 60) had already left to correct proofs of their ads for Sunday's papers." ☞"Sixty Volumes of Dumas—And Not One Too Many" cries the Chiswick Book Shop (3 West 51) offering the Little Brown edition of the romances (1900-1905), now o. p., for $50.

☞In the many lists of Influential Books recently compiled, the pundits seem to have forgotten Renan's *Life of Jesus* (1863). Rev. John Haynes Holmes, in his preface to the Modern Library edition, called it "one of the world-shaking books of a world-shaking epoch." ☞Old Perigee Quercus looks forward with keen anticipation to G. K. Chesterton's autobiography, finished just before his death, and to be published by Sheed & Ward. ☞G.K. was one of the liveliest minds of our time, though he became increasingly at the mercy of antithesis and alliteration. ☞He was a Thomist, which does not mean one who votes for Norman Thomas, but a follower of St. Thomas Aquinas. ☞He found mystical symbols in everything. What wouldn't he have done with the idea that the Hell Gate route gives the traveller the best view of New York's great Trinitarian bridge (the Triborough). ☞The charm of G. K. C.'s writing lay in this, that his play upon words often led to genuine play upon thoughts. The quality of *playfulness* is rare in American journalism. Too much American ink is either solemn, sentimental, sour, or savage. ☞One of Chesterton's best pleasantries was his remark on the so-called Emancipation of Women. "Twenty million young women," he said, "rose to their feet with the cry *We will not be dictated to;* and proceeded to become stenographers."

☞The National Book Council of England, which has done so much valuable work in general promotion and expert reading lists, reports progress on its moving picture venture. A scenario which attempts to illustrate the romance and influence of The Book—in its creation, manufacture, and impact on the reader—is now in production and the completed film will be ready in the autumn. ☞The *News Sheet* of the National Book Council (3 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C. 2) is of great interest to all students of book promotion.

☞Old Q., by the way, is On the Wagon, and hasn't had a drink for six weeks; but is still interested to hear what goes on in the grog-shops. For instance Ben Abramson, of the Argus Book Shop (Chicago), reports that a former bookman in Chicago has opened a literary tavern at 631 Rush Street which is "a cross between a café and a cathedral." Frank Pettee, the proprietor, uses no pictures save the photos of writers and has invented several perilous new potions for his customers. Says Mr. Abramson:—

"There is *The Premature Burial* dedicated to Poe and offered to those Olympian souls who dare to live dangerously. There is *The Verlaine,* absinthe-tinted, to inspire conquering dreams and strange desires. And *The Aphrodite* about which I need say no more except that it is blush-pink in color and floats a rose petal." ☞Ben Abramson adds, as an afterthought, that on his recent European buying trip "Instead of confining myself as usual to moderns I went all the way back to the 13th century and bought illuminated manuscripts, Gothic letter printed books, and rushed thereafter through Wynken de Worde, Edmund Spenser, Christopher Marlowe, Samuel Richardson, Laurence Sterne, Charles Dickens, and right up to Messrs. Auden & Spender—11,000 books that I shall have to classify and market."

☞A book Old Q would really like to see is Prof. H. A. Eaton's biography of De Quincey. (Oxford Press.) This would be a handsome graduating present for those lively students at Smith College who formed a club called P. D. Q.—Perpetuators of De Quincey. ☞Among recipients of honorary degrees at Smith College was Marion Dodd, the notable

The Author of L'AFFAIRE JONES

Hillel Bernstein

unsheaths his sharp scalpel on Dictators and Dictatorships

CHOOSE A BRIGHT MORNING

"Just as hilarious as *L'Affaire Jones.* Mr. Bernstein's pages offer a rarely large percentage of chuckles and, for those with good intellectual digestions, ample food for thought."—***Lewis Gannett in N. Y. Herald Tribune.***

Hillel Bernstein can do more damage with his barbed pen than a whole battery of Big Berthas. His idol-smashing new novel reveals the inside workings of a dictatorship in much the same delightful manner that L'AFFAIRE JONES satirized French politics.

"This is timely satire . . . the extravagant episodes of the book do not seem a whit more strange than actual recent occurrences in Europe."—***William Rose Benét in Saturday Review.***

"A remarkable book . . . the author reveals the deepening of his most uncommon talent for satire."—***Vincent Sheean.***

At Bookstores $2.00

Write for our free catalog of new fiction, general works and children's books

F. A. STOKES CO., 443-4th Ave., New York

Best Sellers From STOKES

AROUND THE WORLD IN ELEVEN YEARS
By Patience, Richard and John Abbe $2.00

IF I HAVE 4 APPLES
By Josephine Lawrence $2.50

MRS. ASTOR'S HORSE
By Stanley Walker $3.00

A TREE GROWN STRAIGHT
By Percy Marks $2.50

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bookseller of Northampton. ☞A lot of people in our trade got complimentary degrees this year; we noticed the names of Sinclair Lewis and William McFee at Yale; Stephen Benét at Middlebury; Robert Frost and Mark Sullivan at Bates; Samuel Morison at Amherst (also Harvard); and two eminent librarians at Brown, viz.: Dr. Victor Hugo Paltsits of the N. Y. P. L. and Dr. Joe Wheeler of the Pratt Library in Baltimore. ☞The best grin the trade has had lately was the news (published in that grand magazine the *Colophon*) that the American edition of Joyce's *Ulysses*, finally permitted by eminent legal opinion and carefully prepared to put unauthorized piracies out of existence, was itself printed from the pirated text. ☞But the book is unreadable anyhow, so what. ☞De illegibilis non curat Quercus. (Medium Quercus dissenting.)

The Clearing House

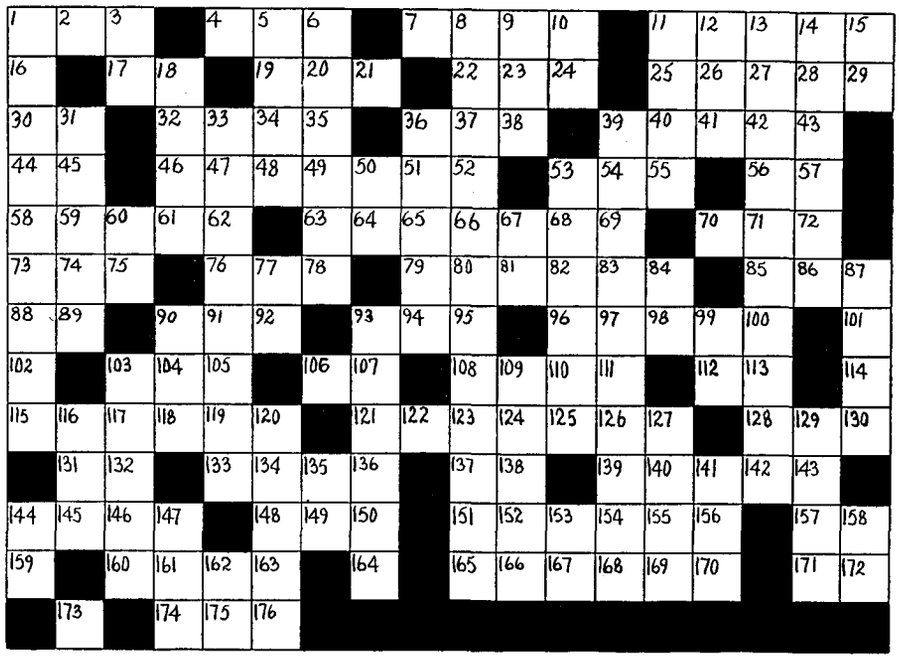
(*Continued from page* 20)

LORNA DOONE (Dodd, Mead), Barrie's THE LITTLE MINISTER (Scribners), Hawthorne's THE HOUSE OF SEVEN GABLES, Alice Hegan Rice's MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH (Appleton-Century), William Stearns Davis's A FRIEND OF CAESAR (Macmillan), Booth Tarkington's PENROD (Doubleday, Doran)—these are all novels that are certain to hold a girl of twelve enthralled. Then there is Cooper—the Leatherstocking tales and THE SPY, THE PILOT, THE WATER-WITCH, to name those which gave me the greatest delight at the tender age of twelve, Scott's IVANHOE and KENILWORTH, Lytton's THE LAST DAYS OF POMPEII, Charlotte Brontë's JANE EYRE, and Dickens's DAVID COPPERFIELD, preferably, though it is the habit to start high school readers off with A TALE OF TWO CITIES. And though every time I say it, one of my associates in the office rises up in arms against the suggestion, I think twelve is none too young to give a girl PRIDE AND PREJUDICE. Catch her at that age and she will be a confirmed Janeite all her life.

Selma Lagerlöf's MARBACKA and MEMORIES OF MY CHILDHOOD (Doubleday, Doran) might interest her, among non-fiction books, or Helen Keller's STORY OF MY LIFE (Doubleday, Doran), Irina Skariatina's LITTLE ERA IN OLD RUSSIA (Bobbs-Merrill), or Irene Cooper Willis's FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE (Coward-McCann). A HISTORY OF EVERYDAY THINGS IN ENGLAND (Putnam), by Marjorie and C. H. B. Quennell, whose three volumes advance from 1066 to the present day, is a fascinating work, full of interesting illustrations and entertaining descriptions of the social life and the economic and industrial development of the English people. Another book which should hold the attention of the child with any interest in history is Jennie Hall's BURIED CITIES (Macmillan), which presents an introduction to archeology for the young. Hendrik Willem Van Loon's THE STORY OF MANKIND (Liveright) and Geoffrey Parsons's THE STREAM OF HISTORY (Scribners) would also be good books for the young girl. And by all means give her THIS SINGING WORLD (Harcourt, Brace), edited by Louis Untermeyer, so that she may have access to poetry.

Double-Crostics: No. 118

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY



DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Unless otherwise indicated, the author is English or American.

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 17 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
I. Apparition.	37 68 79 6 71 73 23 124
II. Motion of horse in raising front feet.	97 38 43 22 55 78
III. Molasses candy.	52 1 45 113 21
IV. Classic shepherdess.	81 103 3 56 95
V. Of questionable taste (slang, comp.).	112 138 18 99 44 42 70 51
VI. A culture pattern.	57 17 121 162 135 164 143
VII. Pointed.	102 128 111 93 98 168 173 146 163
VIII. Dress worn by Mecca pilgrims.	106 89 127 158 174
IX. System of interlacing lines.	129 155 65 39 50 60 142
X. Inconvenienced.	28 149 157 144 12 48 9 75 126 35
XI. Territory between enemy trenches (3 words).	159 47 58 86 74 120 14 123 107 19
XII. One of the Apostles.	61 125 137 108 90 27
XIII. Biblical name of Esther.	5 175 24 53 136 147 161 94
XIV. Entangle.	30 176 139 72 11 114
XV. Proverb.	63 105 110 134 170 150
XVI. Inspiration.	36 132 172 2 104 76 140 165
XVII. Woodland flower apostrophized by Emerson.	25 77 101 130 171 87 148
XVIII. Characterizing nose utterance.	117 40 96 80 15
XIX. Within a building.	59 69 154 34 8 116 141
XX. Obelisk.	83 122 64 153 41 169
XXI. Rhenish city of Luther's defense.	66 131 20 160 16
XXII. Incomplete, incipient.	166 91 46 62 109 82 4 85
XXIII. Midday.	167 152 33 54
XXIV. Strummed.	88 32 115 29 7 67 92
XXV. Brought to pass.	118 151 49 100 133 84 13 31
XXVI. Destroyed.	156 145 119 26 10

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 7 cents per word, including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

SILVERMINE TAVERN AND GALLERIES, Norwalk, Conn. Tel. 2300. An old time country inn. One hour from N. Y. Booklet R on request.

AN OLD NEW ENGLAND FARMHOUSE offers you a summer in the country on the open ocean; lobster, new peas, blueberry pie; a wood fire; no radio. Rates $20. The Breakers, Vinalhaven, Maine.

SURPRISE BOXES, Birthday or Convalescent, for children 3 to 10 years. Prices: $5.00 and $10.00. Kindly give name, age, and favorite interest of child when ordering. "Windwards," P. O. Box 114, Wyncote, Pa.

"GREEN SHADOWS." Old Lyme, Connecticut. A delightful place for a vacation. Excellent food. Restful atmosphere.

SUMMER AT PEMAQUID POINT, between a quiet bay for swimming and Maine's highest sea-cliffs for surf. Spruce woods, blueberry meadows, quiet. Lobsters, chowder, open fires. Very reasonable. Bradley Inn, Pemaquid Point, Maine.

FOR VALUABLE INFORMATION concerning a scientific method of mind action with unlimited potential possibilities. Address, The Master Key System, St. Louis, Mo.

GOING AWAY. Sublet beautiful five room apartment, convenient Columbia, until October. Will rent furniture for one year after that. Library, nursery. Very reasonable. Box 411-B.

YOUNG LADY, (24) desires position, understanding, compassionate, loves children, appreciates books; rapid, accurate typist; free to travel. Box 412-B.

GRAND MANAN IS. Offers restful and quiet vacation cottages surrounded by sea and woods; open fires; green vegetables; no radio; reasonable rates. Address: Whale Cove Cottage, Grand Manan Is., Canada.

PERSONAL LETTERS—just for you from me. Particulars on request. Box 379-B.

LONG ISLAND HERALD HOUSE. Built 1735. Home of first paper published on Long Island. Museum, art work, excellent food, afternoon tea. Main Street, Sag Harbor.

IS THERE A MAN in the fifties, of high ideals, culture, and good humor, interested in books and nature and wholesome fun, who would like to correspond with a woman of similar age and tastes for the purpose of mutual stimulation and understanding? Box 398-B.

CHARMING REMODELLED BARN, fifty miles from New York. Beautiful country. Modern equipment, large fireplace, swimming hole. $500 for season. References required. Box 383-B.

PHILOSOPHIC PITTSBURGHER seeks correspondence with mature feminine mind. Box 399-B.

ASCUTNEY, VERMONT. "The Corner Cupboard," a brookside Tea House with distinctive charm. Delightful for week-end stay, week, or month; homelike, comfortable. Rates reasonable. 22nd season.

A MOUNTAIN RANCH invites you to come and ride the trails, roam the forests, enjoy sunny days, cool nights and food to suit your appetite. Reasonable. The J. B. Quarter Circle Ranch, La Veta, Colo.

RATHER TALL GIRL, 23 years, B. A. degree, good stenographer in large company, lover of sports, seeking new interests, desires correspondence with anyone feeling inclined to sling ink in this direction. Box 322, Maryville, Tennessee.

DESIRABLE ROOM for a man, week ends or weekly. Swimming. Convenient to station. Hour commutation. Write Mrs. E. Lounsbery, Noroton, Conn., or telephone VAnderbilt 3-6889.

RED SLIPPERS pines to see that "ordinary sort of everyday farmer"; appreciates, however, possible difficulties, so standing by for news.

CONNECTICUT FARMS and country houses outside of the New York commuting area. Root & Boyd, Inc. Established 1853, Waterbury, Conn.

"THE OLD HOMESTEAD." Large airy home on sunny clearing in Pike Co. woods, our own vegetables, butter, home made blueberry and pumpkin pies, oil lamps, no radio, specialists specialty, personal service and management, a brook to fish and bathe in. Rates $12.00 per week, $2.50 per day. Off main road. George Armbruster, Tafton, Pike Co., Pa.

PARADISE REGAINED for city-weary folk, where sea breezes, firs and breaking waves invite. New cottage, completely furnished, fireplace, bath, sun porch, sea view from every room, garage. Use of skiff. Season $300. Geo. L. Collie, New Harbor, Maine.

VACATION as guests of "Nouveaux Pauvres" in century old brick farmhouse, completely modernized, on island in beautiful Casco Bay. Private bathing beaches, croquet, golf, fishing, boating. Home grown vegetables, eggs, milk. Table excellent. Rates reasonable. "Sea Meadows," Cousins Island, Maine.

NORTH JERSEY residence will accommodate five adult gentile guests desiring quiet restful vacation July and August. Private swimming pool, golf and riding nearby. Excellent food. $20.00 weekly. Mrs. A. H. Palmer, Bernardsville, New Jersey.

"DON'T-SNORE"—Small, gold device. Prevents snoring, mouth-breathing, $1.00. Satisfaction guaranteed. Circular free. D. K. Thaxly Company, Washington, D. C.

FOX HILL FARM, POMFRET, CONN. Professionally supervised farm life for a limited number of children between the ages of 3 and 8. Circular on request. Mrs. H. M. Bush, Pomfret, Conn.

POSITION WANTED as book clerk, receptionist, corporation librarian, research worker. College graduate; Christian; neat appearance; typist; 6 years' book shop experience; foreign travel; references. WIckersham 2-1962.

IS THERE an established publisher who would take a chance on a non-fiction book (by a fairly well-known writer) which has been extravagantly praised by several leading publishers but rejected on the ground of improbability of commercial success? Box 405-B.

VILLAGE BOOKSHOP needs partner—silent or articulate. Box 406-B.

IMMEDIATE SUBLET summer months, East 88th Street, near Park. Quiet, cool, exclusive modern five-room furnished apartment. Convenient all transportation. References. Box 407-B.

ENGLISH LITERATURE—Position teaching English desired. Ph.D. (Yale). University teaching experience. Versatile. 24. Finest references. Box 408-B.

ALL YE YOUNG GENTLEMEN who enjoy books, music, theatre, beauties of nature and who laugh at the right moment, please write to young woman similarly inclined. Box 409-B.

BEST FRENCH taught by pleasant much-traveled Parisian college professor. Excellent classical or technical translations. Apt. 3, 438 W. 116 St., UNiversity 4-8018.

RELAX at "The Orchard" in picturesque Dutchess County. Real home cooking; modern home in country. Restful atmosphere. Wappingers Falls, N. Y.

YOUNG WOMAN seeks congenial woman companion for recreational activities. Manhattan. Box 410-B.

I GHOST write absolutely anything for anybody anywhere. Just as you like it. Maurice.

YOUNG LADY in California wants interesting correspondence with unattached cultured gentleman. Box 418-B.

SUBLET YOUR APARTMENT August first to fifteenth. Must have two beds, be located in Columbia University region. No children. Responsible college teacher. Box 413-B.

SMALL TOWN BOY, interested in drama, music and literature, wishes correspondence with those similarly interested. Box 414-B.

ELIZABETH: Sailing August 21. Carl H. Box 415-B.

W. W. It's a deal if you'll also tell me the crack Lily Langtry's English butler pulled when he poured champagne down Lily's back. CLEO.

PERSONALS

C: Methinks, you itch to write, too! W.

YOUNG MAN seeks opportunity to go to Salzburg Music Festival. Would prefer it to heaven. Box 416-B.

NEW YORK young man; old Virginia family; graduate Lincoln School; wishes country summer position boy's companion or what have you. Tutors math, science; plays guitar, chess. Box 417-B.

CLASSIFIED

ADVERTISING rates for this Classified Department are as follows: For twenty or more consecutive insertions of any copy, minimum twelve words, 6 cents a word each insertion; for any less number of insertions 8 cents a word each insertion. Copy may be changed every week. The forms close Friday morning, eight days before publication date. Address Department G. H., The Saturday Review of Literature, 25 West 45th Street, New York City, telephone BRyant 9-0896.

AMERICANA

AMERICANA BOUGHT-AMERICANA SOLD
Americana Sold —Americana Bought
Americana Bought —Americana Sold
Americana Sold —Catalogue.
CHARLES P. EVERITT, 856 Lexington Avenue, N. Y.

THE BOOK FARM, Hattiesburg, Miss., BUYS and SELLS material relating to the SOUTH. Printed and in Manuscript.

BACK NUMBERS

BACK NUMBERS OF MAGAZINES at Abraham's Bookstore, 141 Fourth Avenue, New York.

ALL KINDS BOUGHT AND SOLD. The E. T. Sutherlin Co., Danville, Virginia.

MAGAZINES—ONE OF THE LARGEST stocks of back numbers. Sharan's, 4019 Broadway, N. Y. C.

FIRST EDITIONS

GOOD BOOKS. First editions of established worth. Books by and about Walt Whitman. Catalogues on request. Alfred F. GOLDSMITH, 42 Lexington Avenue, New York.

FIRST EDITIONS, FINE PRESS, CATALOGUES. PHILIP DUSCHNES, 507 Fifth Avenue, New York.

CATALOGUE of Old and Rare Books and Modern First Editions sent free on request. Chelsea Book Shop, 58 West 8th Street, New York.

LITERARY SERVICES

MATHILDE WEIL, LITERARY AGENT. Books, stories, articles, and verse, criticized and marketed. Play, scenario and radio departments. THE WRITERS' WORKSHOP, Inc., General Electric Building, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York.

YOUR STORIES, NOVELS, BOOKS, FICTION, Non-fiction, placed, criticized, revised. Professional assistance in placement and publication. New authors invited. Write or send manuscripts. LAURENCE ROBERTS, LITERARY AGENT, 47 W. 42nd St., New York.

YOUR BEST WRITING PAYS! Stories, novels, articles, books, earn more when perfected. Trustworthy criticism, reconstruction to high standards, for moderate fee or share in proceeds. Reading without charge. ROBERT L. NEWMAN, 251 West 71st, New York.

AUTHORS' MAILING SERVICE. If you are in the throes of "becoming a writer," we will save you drudgery, disappointment, and delay by submitting your manuscripts to the most suitable markets, following their progress with editors, and reporting to you on the outcome. Low rates. No commissions. 410 East 59 Street, New York City.

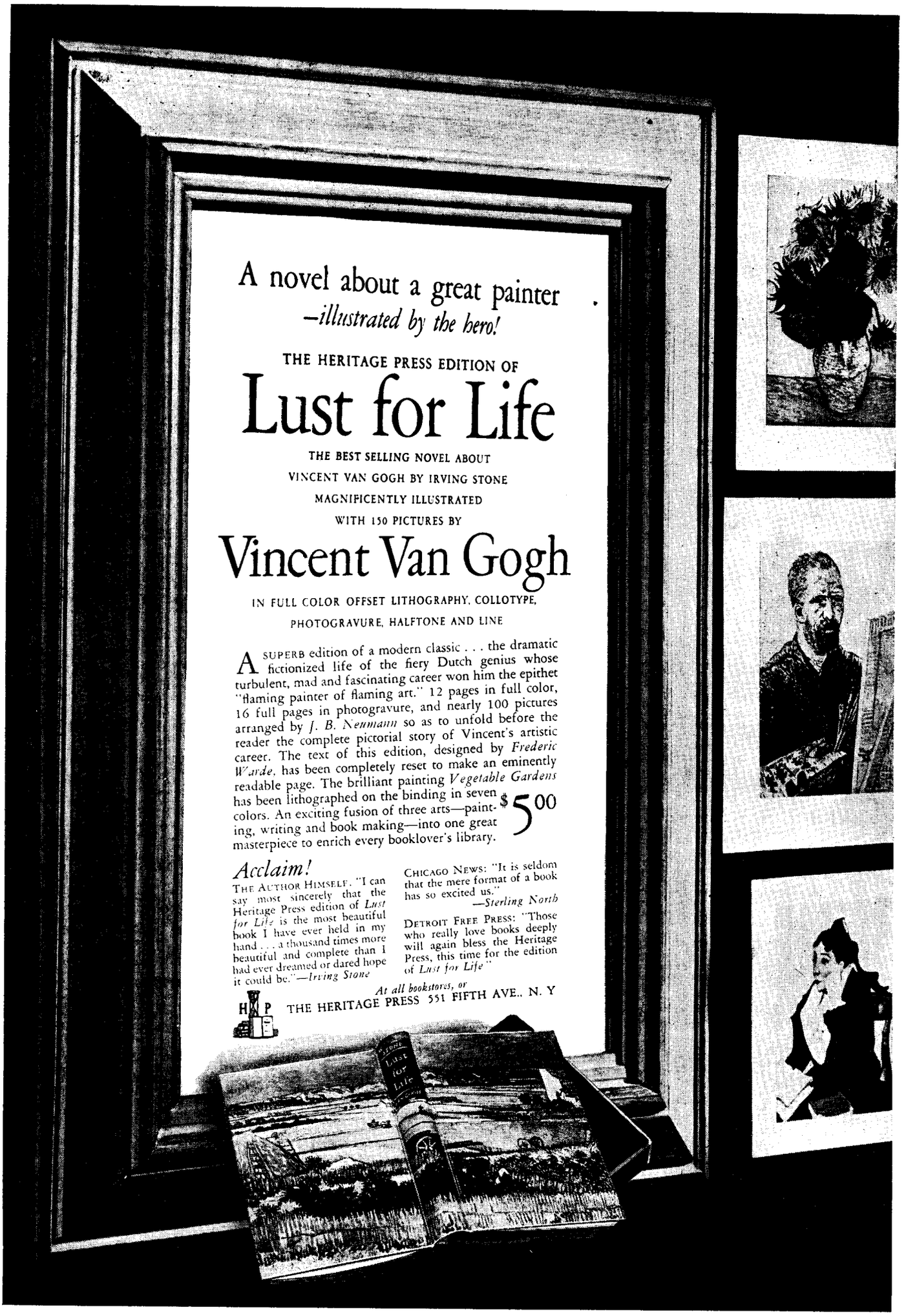
OUT-OF-PRINT

OUT-OF-PRINT books promptly supplied. National Bibliophile Service, 347 Fifth Avenue, New York.

RARE BOOKS

RARE, OUT-OF-PRINT, New, USED, Occultism, Mysticism, Theosophy, Astrology. Philosophy, Psychology, Eastern Religions. The Gateway, 30 E. 60th St., New York.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


A novel about a great painter
—illustrated by the hero!
THE HERITAGE PRESS EDITION OF
Lust for Life
THE BEST SELLING NOVEL ABOUT
VINCENT VAN GOGH BY IRVING STONE
MAGNIFICENTLY ILLUSTRATED
WITH 150 PICTURES BY
Vincent Van Gogh
IN FULL COLOR OFFSET LITHOGRAPHY, COLLOTYPE,
PHOTOGRAVURE, HALFTONE AND LINE
A SUPERB edition of a modern classic . . . the dramatic fictionized life of the fiery Dutch genius whose turbulent, mad and fascinating career won him the epithet "flaming painter of flaming art." 12 pages in full color, 16 full pages in photogravure, and nearly 100 pictures arranged by J. B. Neumann so as to unfold before the reader the complete pictorial story of Vincent's artistic career. The text of this edition, designed by Frederic Warde, has been completely reset to make an eminently readable page. The brilliant painting Vegetable Gardens has been lithographed on the binding in seven colors. An exciting fusion of three arts—painting, writing and book making—into one great masterpiece to enrich every booklover's library.
$5.00
Acclaim!
THE AUTHOR HIMSELF. "I can say most sincerely that the Heritage Press edition of Lust for Life is the most beautiful book I have ever held in my hand . . . a thousand times more beautiful and complete than I had ever dreamed or dared hope it could be."—Irving Stone
CHICAGO NEWS: "It is seldom that the mere format of a book has so excited us."
—Sterling North
DETROIT FREE PRESS: "Those who really love books deeply will again bless the Heritage Press, this time for the edition of Lust for Life."
At all bookstores, or
H P THE HERITAGE PRESS 551 FIFTH AVE., N. Y

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED